

The first part

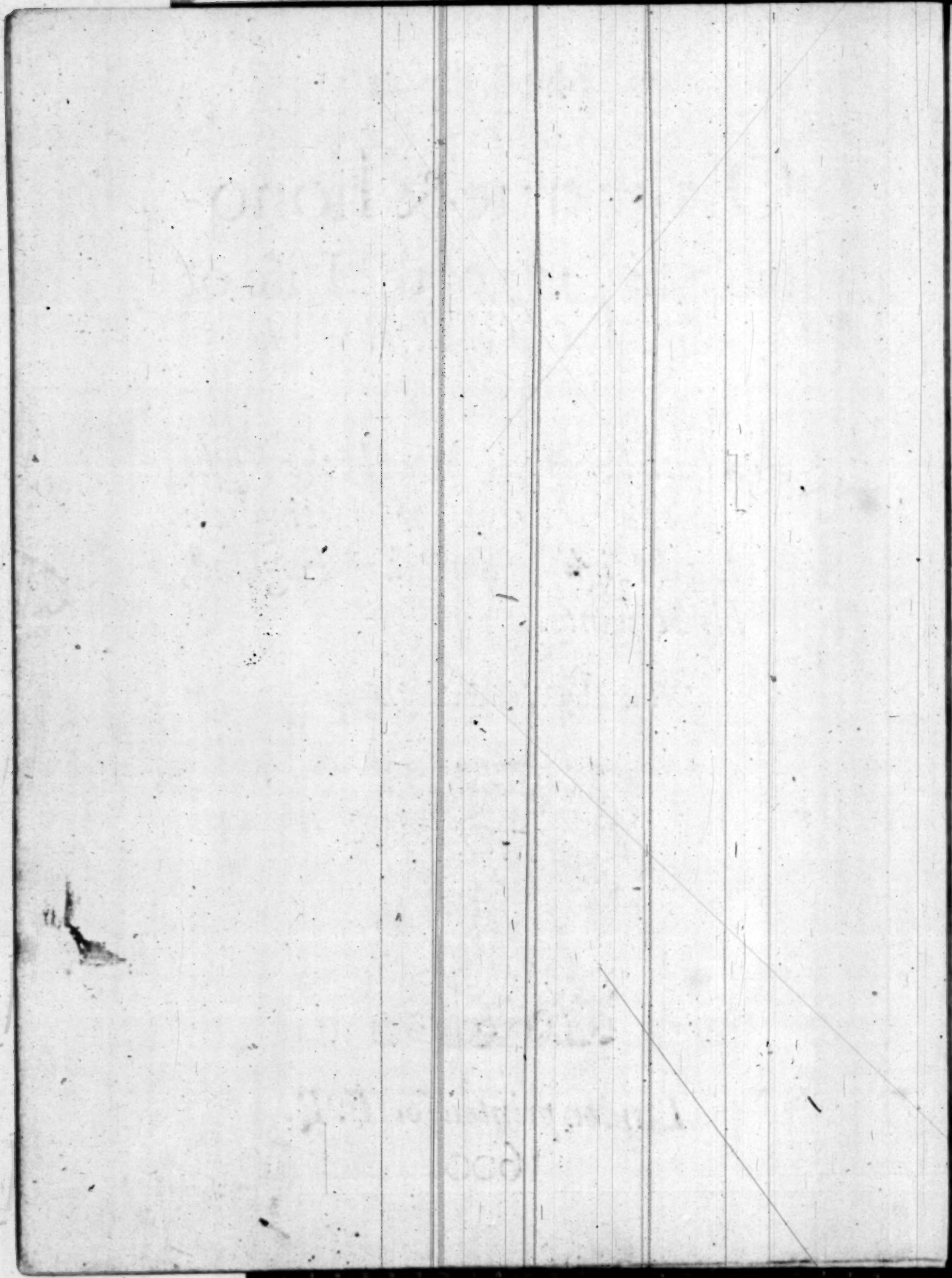
Of the true & honorable history, of the Life of  
*Sir Iohn Old-castle, the good*  
Lord Cobham.

*As it hath bene lately acted by the Right  
honorable the Earle of Nottingham  
Lord High Admirall of England,  
his Seruants.*

Written by William Shakespeare.



London printed for T.P.  
1600.

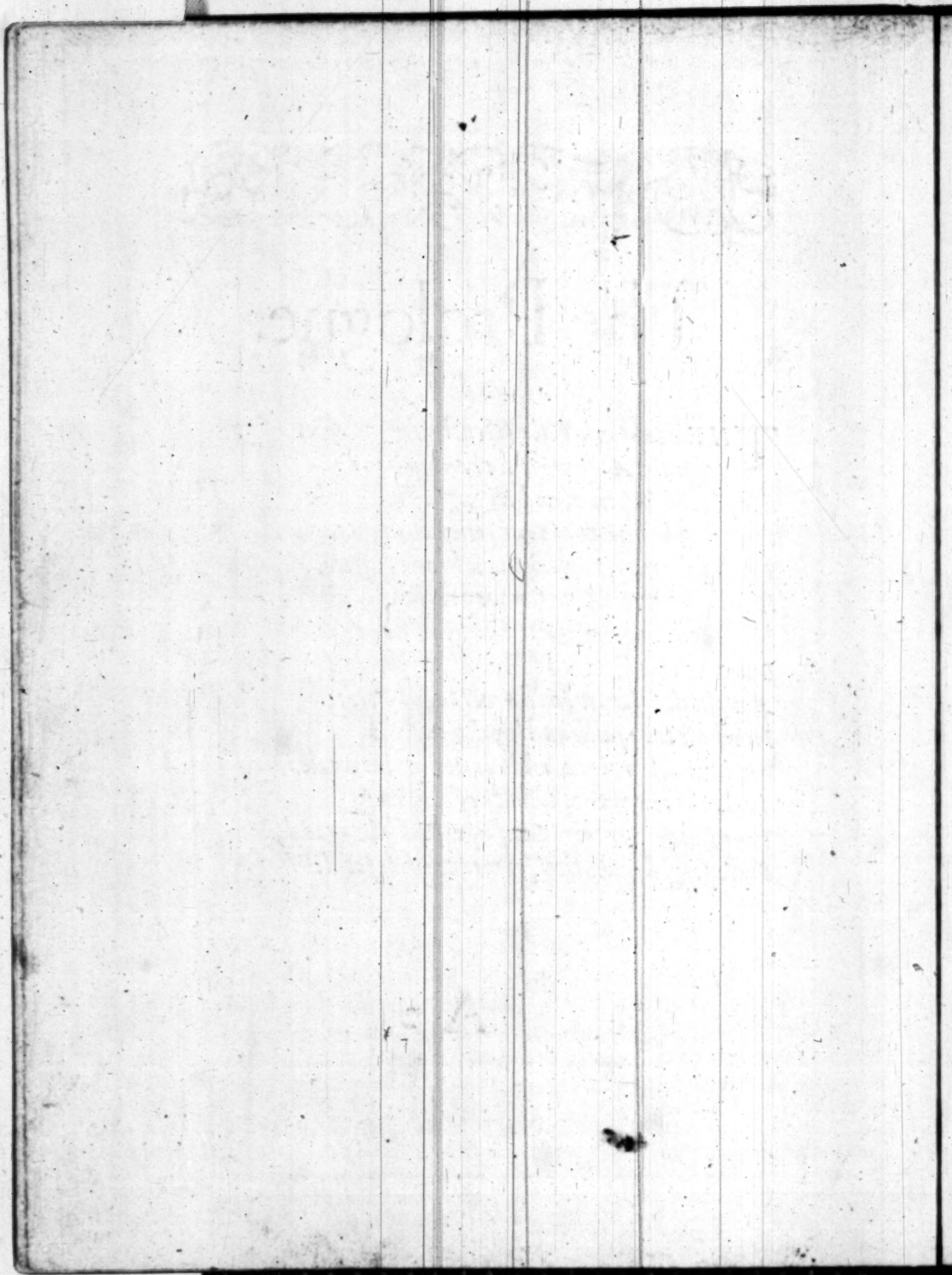




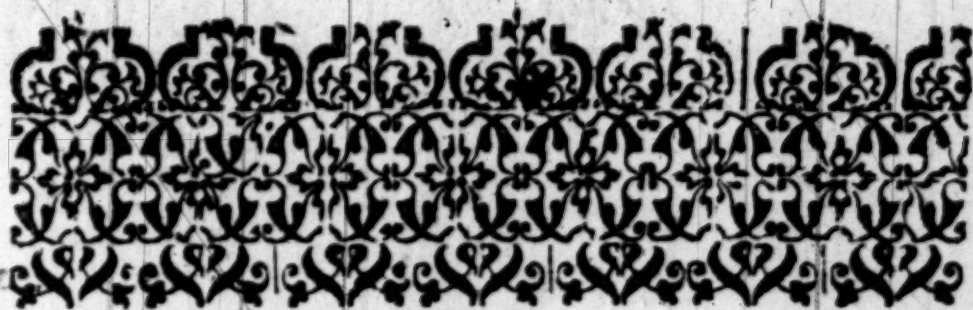


# The Prologue.

**T**HE doubtfull Title (Gentlemen) prefixt  
Vpon the Argument we haue in hand,  
May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturbe  
The peacefull quiet of your settled thoughts:  
To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice.  
It is no pamp'rd Glutton we present,  
Nor aged Councillour to youthfull sinne;  
But one, whose vertue shone aboue the rest,  
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous Peere,  
In whose true faith and loyalty exprest  
Vnto his Soueraigne, and his Countreies weale:  
we stroue to pay that tribute of our lone  
Your fauours merit: Let faire Truth be grac'd,  
Since forg'd inuention former time defac'd.







The true and honorable Historie, of  
*the life of Sir Iohn Old-Castle, the*  
good Lord Cobham.

*In the fight, Enter the Sheriffe, and two of his men.*

*Sheriffe.*



Y Lords, I charge ye in his Highnesse name,  
To keepe the peace, you, and your followers.  
*Her.* Good M. Sheriffe, look vnto your self.  
*Pow.* Do so, for we haue other busnesse.

*Proffer to fight againe.*

*Sher.* Will ye disturbe the Iudges, and the Assize?  
Heare the Kings proclamation, ye were best.

*Pow.* Hold then, let's heare it.

*Her.* But be breefe, ye were best.

*Bayl.* O yes.

*Dauy.* Cossone, make shorter O, or shal marre your Yes.

*Bayl.* O yes.

*Owyn.* What, has her nothing to say, but O yes?

*Bay.* O yes.

*Da.* O nay, py cosse plut downe with hir, downe with hir.

*A Powesse, a Powesse.*

*Gough.* A Herbert a Herbert, and downe with Powesse.

*Helter skelter againe.*

*Sher.* Hold, in the Kings name, hold.

*Owyn.* Downe with a kanaues name, downe.

*The first part of*

*In this fight the Bayliffe is knocked downe, and the Sberiffe and the other runne away.*

*Her. Powesse, I thinke thy Welsh and thou do smart.*

*Pow. Herbert, I thinke my sword came neere thy hart.*

*Her. Thy harts best blood shall pay the losse of mine.*

*Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.*

*Davy. A Pawesse, a Pawesse.*

*As they are fighting, enter the Maior of Hereford, his Officers and Townesmen with Clubs.*

*Mai. My Lords, as you are Liege-men to the crowne, True Noblemen, and subiects to the King, Attend his highnesse proclamation, Commanded by the Iudges of Assize, For keeping peace at this assembly.*

*Her. Good M. Maior of Hereford be breefe.*

*Mai. Sergeant, without the ceremonies of O yes, Pronounce aloud the proclamation.*

*Ser. The Kings Iustices, perceiuing what publike mischief may ensue this priuat quarrell: in his Maiesties name do straightly charge and command all persons, of what degree soeuer, to depart this City of Hereford, except such as are bound to giue attendance at this Assize, & that no man presume to weare any weapon, especially Welch-hookes, Forrest bils.*

*Owyn. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha?*

*Mai. Peace, and heare the proclamation.*

*Ser. And that the Lord Powesse do presently disperse & discharge his retinue, & depart the City in the kings peace, he and his followers, on paine of imprisonment.*

*Davy. Haw? pud her Lord Pawesse in prison? A Pawesse A Pawesse. Cossloon, her will liue and tye with her Lord.*

*Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert;*

*In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and fells to the ground, the Maior and his company cry for clubs: Powesse runs away, Gough and Herberts faction are busie about him. Enter the 2. Iudges, the Sheriffe, and his Bayliffes afore them, &c.*

*1. Iudge*



*Sir Iohn Old-castle.*

1. *Ind.* Where's the Lord *Herbert*? Is he hurt or slaine?

*Sher.* Hee's heere my Lord.

2. *Ind.* How fares his Lordship, friends?

*Gough.* Mortally wounded, speechlesse, he cannot liue.

1. *Ind.* Conuay him hence, let not his wounds take ayre,  
And get him drest with expedition.

*Exit L. Herbert and Gough.*

M. Maior of *Hereford*, M. Sheriffe o'th *Shire*,  
Commit Lord *Powesse* to safe custody,  
To answer the disturbance of the peace,  
Lord *Herberts* perill, and his high contempt  
Of vs, and you the Kings Commissioners,  
See it be done with care and diligence.

*Sher.* Please it your Lordship, my Lord *Powesse* is gon  
Past all recouery.

2. *Ind.* Yet let search be made,  
To apprehend his followers that are left.

*Sher.* There are some of them: sirs, lay hold of them.

*Owyn.* Of vs? and why? what has her done I pray you?

*Sher.* Disarme them Bayliffes.

*Ma.* Officers assist.

*Dauy.* Heare you Lord *Shudge*, what reſson is for this?

*Owyn.* Coſſoon, pe puſe for fighting for our Lord?

1. *Ind.* Away with them.

*Dauy.* Harg you my Lord.

*Owyn.* *Gough* my Lord *Herberts* man's a ſhitten kanaue.

*Dauy.* Ice liue and tye in good quarrell.

*Owyn.* Pray you do ſhuſtice, let awl be priſon.

*Dauy.* Priſon, no,  
Lord *Shudge*, I wooll glue you pale, good ſurety.

2. *Judge.* What bale? what ſureties?

*Dauy.* Her cozen ap *Rice*, ap *Euan*, ap *Morrice*, ap *Mor-*  
*gan*, ap *Lluellyn*, ap *Madoc*, ap *Meredith*, ap *Griffin*, ap *Da-*  
*uy*, ap *Owen*, ap *Shinken Shones*.

2. *Ind.* Two of the moſt ſufficient are enow.

*Sher.* And't please your Lordship theſe are all but one.

1. *Judge*

*The first part of*

1. *Jud.* To layle with them, and the Lord *Herberts* men,  
Wee'l talke with them, when the Assize is done. *Exeunt*  
Riotous, audacious, and vnruly Groomes,  
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,  
To quiet brawles, which euery Constable  
In other ciuill places can suppress?

2. *Jud.* What was the quarrell that causd all this stirre?

*Sher.* About Religion as I heard my Lord.

Lord Powesse detracted from the power of Rome,  
Affirming Wickliffes Doctrine to be true,  
And Romes erroneous: hot reply was made  
By the Lord *Herbert*, they were Traitors all  
That would maintaine it. Powesse answered,  
They were as true, as noble, and as wise  
As he, that would defend it with their liues,  
He nam'd for instance sir Iohn Old-castle  
The Lord Cobham: *Herbert* replyde againe,  
He, thou, and all are Traitors that so hold.  
The lye was giuen, the seuerall Factions drawne,  
And so enrag'd, that we could not appease it.

1. *Judge.* This case concernes the Kings prerogatiue,  
And tis dangerous to the State and Common-wealth.  
Gentlemen, Iustices, master Major, and Master Sheriffe,  
It doth behooue vs all, and each of vs  
In generall and particular, to haue care  
For the suppressing of all mutinies,  
And all assemblies, except souldiers musters,  
For the Kings preparation into France.  
We heare of secret Conuenticles made,  
And there is doubt of some Conspiracies,  
Which may breake out into rebellious armes  
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:  
Note as an instance, this one perillous fray,  
What factions might haue growne on either part,  
To the destruction of the King and Realme,  
Yet, in my conscience, Sir Iohn Old-Castle

*Innocent*



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

Innocent of it, onely his name was vsde.  
We therefore from his Highnesse giue this charge:  
You master Maior, looke to your Citizens,  
You master Sheriffe vnto your shire, and you  
As Iustices in euery ones precinct  
There be no meetings. When the vulgar sort  
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and cans,  
Matters of State be not their common talke,  
Nor pure Religion by their lips prophan'd.  
Let vs retorne vnto the Bench againe,  
And there examine further of this fray.

*Enter a Bayliffe and a Sergeant.*

*Sher.* Sirs, haue ye taken the Lord Powesse yet?

*Bay.* No, nor heard of him.

*Ser.* No, he's gone far enough.

*2. Ind.* They that are left behind, shall answer all. *Exeunt*

*Enter Suffolke, Byshop of Kochester, a Butler, Parson of Wrotham.*

*Suf.* Now my Lord Byshop, take free liberty  
To speake your minde; What is your suite to vs?

*Bish.* My noble Lord, no more than what you know,  
And haue bene oftentimes inuested with:  
Greeuous complaints haue past betweene the lips  
Of enuious persons to vpbraide the Clergy,  
Some carping at the liuings which we haue;  
And others spurning at the Ceremonies  
That are of ancient custome in the Church.  
Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a cheefe:  
What inconuenience may proceed heereof,  
Both to the King, and to the Common-wealth,  
May easily be discern'd, when like a frensie  
This innouation shall possesse their mindes.  
These vpstarts will haue followers to vphold  
Their damn'd opinion, more than *Henry* shall,  
To vndergo his quarrell 'gainst the French.

*Suf.* What prooffe is there against them to be had,  
That what you say the Law may iustifie?

B

*Bishop.*

*The first part of*

*Bish.* They giue themselves the name of Protestants,  
And meete in fields and solitary groues,

*Sir Iohn.* Was euer heard (my Lord) the like till now?  
That theeues and rebels, sblood heretikes,  
Plaine heretikes, Ile stand too't to their teeth,  
Should haue to colour their vile practises,  
A Title of such worth, as Protestant? *Enter one with a letter*

*Suf.* O but you must not sweare, it ill becomes  
One of your coate, to rap out bloody Oathes.

*Bish.* Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeale,  
Au honest country Prelate, who laments  
To see such foule disorder in the Church.

*S. Iohn.* There's one they call him Sir Iohn Old-castle,  
He has not his name for nought: for like a Castle  
Doth he encompasse them within his walles,  
But till that castle be subuerted quite,  
We ne're shall be at quiet in the Realme.

*Bish.* That is our suite (my Lord) that he be tane  
And brought in question for his heresie:  
Beside, two Letters brought me out of Wales,  
Wherein my Lord *Heriford* writes to me,  
What tumult and sedition was begun,  
About the Lord Cobham, at the Sizes there,  
For they had much adoo to calme the rage,  
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there slaine.

*Suf.* A fire that must be quencht. Well, say no more,  
The King anon goes to the counsell Chamber,  
There to debate of matters touching France,  
As he doth passe by, Ile informe his grace  
Concerning your petition. Master Butler,  
If I forget, do you remember mee.

*Ent.* I will my Lord.

*Offer him a purse.*

*Bish.* Not as a reconpence,  
But as a Token of our loue to you.  
By me (my Lords) the Clergy doth present  
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angels,

Praying



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

Praying your Lordship to accept their gift.

*Suf.* I thanke them, my Lord Byshop, for their loue,  
But will not take their money, if you please  
To giue it to this Gentleman, you may.

*Bish.* Sir, then we craue your furtherance herein.

*But.* The best I can my Lord of Rochester.

*Bish.* Nay, pray take it, trust me you shall.

*S. Iohn.* Were ye all three vpon New-Market heath,  
You should not neede straine curt'sie who should ha't,  
Sir Iohn would quickly rid ye of that care.

*Suff.* The King is comming: Feare ye not my Lord,  
The very first thing I will breake with him  
Shall be about your matter.

*Enter King Harry and Huntington in talke.*

*Har.* My Lord of Suffolke,  
Was it not saide the Clergy did refuse  
To lend vs money toward our warres in France?

*Suf.* It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

*Har.* I know it was: for *Huntington* heere tels me  
They haue bene very bountifull of late.

*Suf.* And still they vow my gracious Lord to be so,  
Hoping your Maiesty will thinke of them  
As of your louing Subiects, and suppress  
All such malicious errors as begin  
To spot their calling, and disturbe the Church.

*Har.* God else forbid: why Suffolke,  
Is there any new rupture to disquiet them?

*Suf.* No new my Lord, the old is great enough,  
And so increasing, as if not cut downe,  
Will breede a scandall to your Royall State,  
And set your kingdome quickly in an vpror.  
The Kentish Knight, Lord Cobham in despight  
Of any Law, or spirituall discipline,  
Maintaines this vpstart new Religion still,  
And diuers great assemblies by his meanes  
And priuate quarrels, are commenc'd abroad,

*The first part of*

As by this letter more at large my Liege, is made apparant.

*Har.* We do finde it heere,  
There was in Wales a certaine fray of late  
Betweene two Noblemen. But what of this?  
Followes it straight Lord Cobham must be he  
Did cause the same? I dare be sworne (good Knight)  
He neuer dreamt of any such contention:

*Bish.* But in his name the quarrell did begin,  
About the opinion which he held my Liege.

*Har.* What if it did? was either he in place  
To take part with them? or abet them in it?  
If brabbling fellowes, whose enkindled blood  
Seeths in their fiery veines, will needs go fight,  
Making their quarrels of some words that past  
Either of you, or you, amongst their cups,  
Is the fault yours? Or are they guilty of it?

*Suf.* With pardon of your Highnesse, my dread Lord,  
Such little sparkes neglected, may in time  
Grow to a mighty flame. But that's not all,  
He doth beside maintaine a strange Religion,  
And will not be compel'd to come to Masse.

*Bish.* We do beseech you therefore, gracious Prince,  
Without offence vnto your Maiesty,  
We may be bold to vse authority.

*Har.* As how?

*Bish.* To summon him vnto the Arches,  
Where such offences haue their punishment.

*Har.* To answer personally, is that your meaning?

*Bish.* It is my Lord.

*Har.* How if hee appeale?

*Bish.* My Lord, he cannot in such a case as this.

*Suf.* Not where Religion is the plea, my Lord.

*Har.* I tooke it alwayes, that our selfe stood on't  
As a sufficient refuge: vnto whom  
Not any but might lawfully appeale.  
But weel not argue now vpon that point.

For



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

For Sir Iohn Old-Castle whom you accuse,  
Let me intreate you to dispence a while  
VVith your high Title of preheminance.  
Report did neuer yet condemne him so,  
But he hath alwayes bene reputed loyall :  
And in my knowledge I can say thus much,  
That he is vertuous, wise, and honourable.  
If any way his conscience be seduc'd  
To wauer in his faith, Ile send for him  
And schoole him priuately : If that serue not,  
Then afterward you may proceede against him.  
*Butler*, be you the Messenger for vs,  
And will him presently repaire to Court.

*In scorne.*

*S. Iohn.* How now my Lord? why stand you discontent?  
Insooth (me thinkes) the King hath well decreed.

*Exeunt*

*Bish.* I, I, sir Iohn if he would keepe his word :  
But I perceyue he fauours him so much  
As this will be to small effect, I feare.

*S. Iohn.* Why then Ile tell you what y'are best to do :  
If you suspect the King will be but cold  
In reprehending him, send you a processe too  
To serue vpon him : so ye may be sure  
To make him answer't, howsoere it fall.

*Bish.* And well remembred, I will haue it so,  
A Sumner shall be sent about it straight.

*Exe.*

*Sir Iohn.* Yea do so. In the meane space this remaines  
For kinde sir Iohn of *Wrotham*, honest lacke.  
Me thinkes the purse of Gold the byshop gaue  
Made a good shew, it had a tempting looke :  
Beshrew me, but my fingers ends doe itch  
To he vpon those rudducks. VVell, tis thus ;  
I am not as the world doestake me for :  
If euer wolfe were cloathed in Sheepes coate,  
Then I am he ; old huddle and twang, yfaith :  
A Priest in shew, but (in plaine termes) a Theefe :  
Yet let me tell you too, an honest Theefe ;

*The first part of*

One that will take it where it may be spar'd,  
And spend it freely in good fellowship.  
I haue as many shapes as *Proteus* had,  
That still when any villany is done,  
There may be none suspect it was sir Iohn.  
Besides, to comfort me (for what's this life,  
Except the crabbed bitternesse thereof.  
Be sweetned now and then with Letchery?)  
I haue my Doll, my Concubine as 'twere,  
To frolicke with, a lusty bouncing gyrl.  
But whilst I loyter heere, the Gold may scape,  
And that must not bee so: It is mine owne.  
Therefore Ile meet him on his way to Court,  
And shriue him of it, there will be the sport.

*Exit*

*Enter foure poore people, some soldiers, some old men.*

1. God helpe, God helpe, there's law for punishing,  
But there's no Law for our necessity:  
There be more stockes to set poore soldiers in,  
Than there be houses to releue them at.

*Oldman.* I, house-keeping decays in euery place,  
Euen as *S. Peter* writ, still worse and worse.

3 Master Maior of Rochester has giuen command, That  
none shall go abroad out of the parish, and has set downe  
an order forsooth, what euery poore housholder must giue  
for our releefe: where there bee some ceased (I may say to  
you) had almost as much need to beg as we.

1. It is a hard world the while.

*Old.* If a poore man aske at doore for Gods sake, they  
aske him for a license or a certificate from a Iustice.

2 Faith we haue none, but what we beare vpon our bo-  
dies, our maim'd limbes, God helpe vs.

4 And yet as lame as I am, He with the king into France,  
if I can but crawle a ship-boorde, I had rather bee slaine in  
France, than starue in England.

*Old.* Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at Shrewsbury battel,  
I would not do as I do: but we are now come to the good  
Lord



*Sir John Old-Castle.*

Lord Cobhams, the best man to the poore in al Kent.

4 God blesse him, there bee but few such.

*Enter Lord Cobham, with Harpoole.*

*Cob.* Thou peeuish froward man, what woldst thou haue?

*Harp.* This pride, this pride, brings all to beggery,  
I seru'd your Father, and your Grandfather,  
Shew me such two men now: No, no,  
Your backes your backes; the diuell and pride  
Has cut the throat of all good house-keeping,  
They were the best Yeomens masters that  
Euer were in England.

*Cob.* Yea, except thou haue a crew of filthy knaues  
And sturdy Rogues still feeding at my gate,  
There is no hospitality with thee.

*Harp.* They may sit at the gate wel enough, but the diuel  
of any thing you giue them, except they'l eate stones.

*Cob.* Tis long then of such hungry knaues as you:  
Yea sir, here's your retinue, your guests be come,  
They know their houres, I warrant you.

*Old.* God blesse your honour, God saue the good Lorde  
Cobham, and all his house.

*Soul.* Good your honour, bestow your blessed almes  
Vpon poore men.

*Cob.* Now sir, heere be your almes knights:  
Now are you as safe as the Emperour.

*Harp.* My Aimes knights? Nay, t' h' are yours:  
It is a shame for you, and Ile stand too't,  
Your foolish almes maintaines more vagabondes  
Then all the Noblemen in Kent beside.

Out you rogues, you knaues, worke for your liuings.  
Alas poore men, they may beg their hearts out,  
There's no more charity amongst men  
Then amongst so many Mastiue dogges.  
What make you heere, you needy knaues?  
Away away, you villaines.

2. *Sol.* I beseech you sir, be good to vs.

*Cob.*

*The first part of*

*Cob.* Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think that all the beggars in this land are thy acquaintance: go bestow your almes, none will controll your fir.

*Harp.* What should I giue them? you are grown so beggarly that you can scarce giue a bit of bread at your doore: you talke of your Religion so long, that you haue banished charity from you: a man may make a Flax-shop in your kitchen chimnies, for any fire there is stirring.

*Cob.* If thou wilt giue them nothing, send them hence: Let them not stand heere staruing in the cold.

*Harp.* Who I driue them hence? If I driue poore men fro the doore, Ile bee hang'd: I know not what I may come to my selfe: God help ye poore knaues, ye see the world. Wel, you had a mother: O God bee with thee good Ladye, thy soule's at rest; she gaue more in shirts and smocks to poore children, then you spend in your house, and yet you liue a beggar too.

*Cob.* Euen the worst deede that ere my mother did, was in releeuing such a foole as thou.

*Har.* I, I am a foole still: with all your wit youle dye a beggar, go too.

*Cob.* Go you old foole, giue the poore people something: Go in poore men into the inner Court, and take such almes as there is to be had.

*Sol.* God blesse your honour.

*Har.* Hang you rogues, hang you, there's nothing but misery amongst you, you feare no Law you. *Exit*

*Oldm.* God blesse you good master Rafe, God saue your life, you are good to the poore still,

*Enter the Lord Powis disguised.*

*Cob.* What fellow's yonder comes along the Groue?  
Few passengers there be that know this way:  
Me thinkes he stops as though he staide for mee,  
And meant to throw'd himselfe amongst the bushes.  
I know the Clergy hates me to the death,  
And my Religion gets me many foes:

And



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

And this may be some desperate rogue  
Suborn'd to work me mischief: as it pleaseth God.  
If he come toward me, sure Ile stay his comming,  
Be he but one man, whatsoere he be.

*The Lord Powis comes on.*

I haue bene well acquainted with that face.

*Po.* Well met my honorable Lord and friend.

*Cob.* You are welcome sir, what ere you be;  
But of this sodaine sir I do not know you.

*Po.* I am one that wisheth well vnto your honor,  
My name is Powis, an old friend of yours.

*Cob.* My honourable Lord, and worthy friend,  
What makes your Lordship thus alone in Kent,  
And thus disguised in this strange attire?

*Po.* My Lord, an vnexpected accident  
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these parts,  
And thus it hapt. Not yet full fīue dayes since,  
Now at the last Assize at *Hereford*,  
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my selfe,  
Mongst other things discoursing at the Table,  
To fall in speech about some certaine points  
Of Wickliffes doctrine gainst the Papacie,  
And the Religion Catholike, maintain'd  
Through the most part of Europe at this day.  
This wilfull testy Lord stucke not to say,  
That Wickliffe was a knaue, a schismaticke,  
His doctrine diuellish and herericall:  
And whatsoere he was maintain'd the same,  
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Countrey.  
Being mooued at his peremptory speech,  
I told him, some maintained those opinions,  
Men, and truer subiects then Lord *Herbert* was:  
And he replying in comparisons,  
Your name was vrg'd my Lord against his challenge,  
To be a perfect fauourer of the truth.  
And to be short, from words we fell to blowes,

C

Our

*The first part of*

Our seruants, and our Tenants taking parts,  
Many on both sides hurt: and for an houre  
The broile by no meanes could be pacified,  
Vntill the Iudges rising from the bench,  
Were in their persons forc'd to part the fray.

*Cob.* I hope no man was violently slaine.

*Po.* Faith none I trust, but the Lord *Herberts* selfe,  
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,  
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

*Cob.* I am sorry my good Lord of these ill newes.

*Po.* This is the cause that driues me into Kent,  
To shrowd my selfe with you so good a friend,  
Vntill I heare how things do speede at home.

*Cob.* Your Lordship is most welcome vnto Cobham:  
But I am very sory my good Lord,  
My name was brought in question in this matter,  
Considering I haue many enemies,  
That threaten malice, and do lye in waite  
To take aduantage of the smallest thing.  
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,  
And keepe your selfe heere secret in my house,  
Vntill we heare how the Lord *Herbert* speeds: .

*Enter Harpoole.*

Heere come's my man: sirra, what newes?

*Harp.* Yonders one *M. Butler* of the priuie Chamber, is  
sent vnto you from the King.

*Po.* Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, & the king  
hearing whether I am gone, hath sent for me.

*Cob.* Comfort your selfe, my Lord, I warrant you.

*Har.* Fellow, what ayls thee? dost thou quake? dost thou  
shake? dost thou tremble? ha?

*Cob.* Peace you old foole: Sirra conuey this Gentleman  
in the bhecke way, and bring the other into the walke.

*Har.* Come sir, y are welcome, if you loue my Lord.

*Po.* Gramercy gentle friend.

*Exeunt*

*Cob.* I thought as much, that it would not be long before



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

I heard of something from the King, about this matter.

*Enter Harpoole with Butler.*

*Har.* Sir, yonder my Lord walkes, you see him,  
Ile haue your men into the feller the while.

*Cob.* Welcome good M. *Butler.*

*But.* Thankes my good Lord: his Maiesty dooth commend his loue vnto your Lordship, and wils you to repaire vnto the Court.

*Cob.* God blesse his Highnesse, & confound his enemies, I hope his Maiesty is well.

*But.* In health, my Lord.

*Cobham.* God long continue it: me thinkes you looke as though you were not well, what ayle ye sir?

*But.* Faith I haue had a foolish odde mischance, that angers mee: comming ouer Shooters hill, there came one to me like a Sailor, and askt me money; and whilst I staide my horse to draw my purse, hee takes th'aduantage of a little banke, & leapes behind me, whips my purse away, and with a sodaine ierke, I know not how, threw me at lest 3. yardes out of my saddle; I neuer was so robd in all my life.

*Cob.* I am very sory sir for your mischance; wee will send our warrant forth, to stay such suspitious persons as shalbe found, then M. *Butler* weel attend you.

*But.* I humbly thanke your Lordship, I will attend you.

*Enter the Sumner.*

*Sum.* I haue the law to warrant what I do, & though the Lord Cobham be a nobleman, that dispenses not with law, I dare serue a proceffe were he fiue Noblemen, though wee Sumners make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty wench, a Sumner must not goe alwaies by seeinge: a man may be content to hide his eyes where he may feele his profit. Wel, this is Lord Cobhams house, if I cannot speak with him, Ile clap my citation vpon's doore, so my Lord of Rochester bad me; but me thinkes here comes one of his men.

*Enter Harpoole.*

*Har.* Welcome good fellow welcome, who woldst thou

*The first part of*

speake with ?

*Sum.* With my Lord Cobham I would speak, if thou be one of his men.

*Harp.* Yes, I am one of his men, but thou canst not speak with my Lord.

*Sum.* May I send to him then ?

*Harp.* Ile tell thee that, when I know thy errand.

*Sum.* I will not tell my errand to thee.

*Harp.* Then keepe it to thy selfe, and walke like a Knaue as thou camest.

*Sum.* I tell thee, my Lord keeps no knaues, sirra.

*Harp.* Then thou seruest him not I belecue. What Lord is thy master ?

*Sum.* My Lord of Rochester.

*Harp.* In good time : and what wouldest thou haue with my Lord Cobham ?

*Sum.* I come by vertue of a Proceffe, to seite him to appeare before my Lord in the Court at Rochester.

*Harp. aside.* Well, God grant me patience, I could eate this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good Sumner you carried ydur Proceffe backe.

*Sum.* Why, if he will not bee spoken withall, then will I leaue it heere, and see that he take knowledge of it.

*Harp.* Zounds you slaue, do you set vp your bills heere ; go too, take it downe againe. Dost thou know what y doost ? Dost thou know on whom thou seruest proceffe ?

*Sum.* Yes marry do I, on sir Iohn Old-castle Lorde Cobham.

*Harp.* I am glad thou knowest him yet ; and sirra, dost not thou know that the L. Cobham is a braue Lord, that keeps good beefe and beere in his house, and euery day feedes a hundred poore people at's gate, and keepes a hundred tall fellowes ?

*Sum.* What's that to my Proceffe ?

*Harp.* Marry this sir, is this proceffe parchment ?

*Sum.* Yes marry.

*Harp.*



*Sir John Old-castle.*

*Har.* And this seale, wax ?

*Sum.* It is so.

*Har.* If this be parchment, & this wax, eat you this parchment and wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beate your braines into waxe. Sirrha Sumner dispatch, deuoure sirra, deuoure.

*Sum.* I am my Lord of Rochesters Sumner, I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

*Har.* Sirra, no rayling ; but betake you to your teeth, y<sup>e</sup> shalt eat no worse then thou bringst with thee, thou bringst it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my L. worse then thou wilt eate thy selfe ?

*Sum.* Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eate.

*Har.* O do you sir mee now ; all's one for that, Ile make you eate it, for bringing it.

*Sum.* I cannot eate it.

*Har.* Can you not ? sblood Ile beate you till you haue a stomacke.

*Beates him.*

*Sum.* O hold, hold, good M. Seruingman, I will eate it.

*Har.* Be champing, be chawing sir, or Ile chaw you, you rogue, the purest of the hony.

*Sum.* Tough wax is the purest hony.

*Har.* O Lord sir, oh, oh,

*He eates.*

Feed, feede, tis wholsome Rogue, wholsome.

Cannot you like an honest Sumner, walke with the Diuell your brother, to fetch in your bayliffes rents; but you must come to a Noblemans house with processe? If thy seal were as broad as the Lead that couers Rochester Church, thou shouldst eate it.

*Sum.* O I am almost choaked, I am almost choaked.

*Har.* Who's within there ? will you shame my Lorde, is there no beere in the house ? butler I say.

*But.* Heere, heere.

*Ent. Butler.*

*Har.* Giue him beere.

*he drinkes*

There: rough old sheepskins, bare dry meate.

*Sum.* O sir, let me go no further, Ile eate my word.

*The first part of*

*Har.* Yea marry sir, I meane ye shall eat more then your owne word, for Ile make you eate all the words in the pro-  
cesse. Why you drab-monger, cannot the secrets of all the  
wenches in a shire serue your turne, but you must come hi-  
ther with a citation with a pox? Ile cite you.

A cup of Sacke for the Sumner.

*But.* Here sir here.

*Har.* Here slaue I drinke to thee.

*Sum.* I thanke you sir.

*Har.* Now if thou findest thy stomack well, because thou  
shalt see my Lord keeps meat in's house, if thou wilt go in,  
thou shalt haue a peece of beefe to thy break-fast.

*Sum.* No I am very well good M. Seruingman, I thanke  
you, very well sir.

*Har.* I am glad on't, then be walking towards Rochester  
to keepe your stomacke warme. And Sumner, if I do know  
you disturbe a good wench within this Diocesse, if I do not  
make thee eate her petticoate, if there were foure yardes of  
Kentish cloth in't, I am a villaine.

*Sum.* God be w'ye M. seruingman.

*Exit*

*Har.* Farwell Sumner.

*Enter Constable.*

*Con.* Saue you M. Harpoole.

*Harp.* Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what  
newes with thee?

*Con.* And't please you M. Harpoole, I am to make hue and  
cry for a fellow with one eie, that has robd two Clothiers,  
& am to craue your hindrance to serch all suspected places;  
and they say there was a woman in the company.

*Har.* Hast thou bene at the Ale-house? hast thou sought  
there?

*Con.* I durst not search sir in my Lord Cobhams liberty,  
except I had some of his seruants for my warrant.

*Har.* An honest Constable, call forth him that keeps the  
Alehouse there.

*Con.* Ho, whose within there?

*Ale-man.* Who cals there? Oh ist you M. Constable and  
M.



*Sir John Old-castle.*

*M. Harpoole?* y'are welcome with all my heart, what make you heere so early this morning?

*Har.* Sirra, what strangers do you lodge? there is a robbery done this morning, & we are to search for all suspected persons.

*Aleman.* Gods bores, I am sory fort. Ifaith sir I lodge no body but a good honest merry Priest, cal'd sir Iohn a Wrotham, and a handsome woman that is his Neece, that hee saies has some suite in law for, and as they go vp and down to London, sometimes they lye at my house.

*Har.* What, is she heere in thy house now?

*Con.* She is sir: I promise you sir he is a quiet man, & because he will not trouble too many roomes, hee makes the woman lye euery night at his beds feete.

*Har.* Bring her forth Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her.

*Con.* Dorothy, you must come downe to M. Constable.

*Dol.* Anon forsooth.

*She enters*

*Har.* Welcome sweet Lasse, welcome.

*Dol.* I thanke you good sir, and master Constable also.

*Har.* A plumpe Girle by the Masse, a plumpe girle: ha, Dol ha, Wilt thou forsake the Priest, and goe with mee, Doll.

*Con.* A well saide *M. Harpoole*, you are a merry olde man yfaith; you will neuer be olde now by the macke, a prettie wench indeed.

*Har.* Ye olde mad merry Constable, art thou aduisde of that? Ha, well said Dol, fill some Ale heere.

*Dol aside.* Oh if I wist this old priest would not sticke to me, by Ioue I would ingle this old seruing-man.

*Har.* Oh you old mad colt, ifaith Ile ferke you: fill all the pots in the house there.

*Con.* Oh wel said *M. Harpoole*, you are heart of oake when all's done.

*Harp.* Ha Dol, thou hast a sweete paire of lippes by the Masse.

*Doll*

*The first part of*

*Dol.* Truly you are a most sweet old man; as euer I saw; by my troth, you haue a face able to make any woman in loue with you.

*Har.* Fill sweet Doll, Ile drinke to thee.

*Doll.* I pledge you sir, and thanke you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

*harp. Imbracing her.* Doll, canst thou loue me? a mad merie Lasse, would to God I had neuer scene thee.

*Doll.* I warrant you you will not out of my thoughts this tweluemonth, truely you are as full of fauour, as a man may be. Ah these sweet gray lockes, by my troth, they are most louely.

*Con.* Cuds bores M. *harpoole*, Ile haue one busse too.

*har.* No licking for you Constable, hand off, hand off.

*Con.* Berlady I loue kissing as well as you.

*Doll.* Oh you are an odde boy, you haue a wanton eye of your owne: ah you sweete sugar-lipt wanton, you will win as manie womens hearts as come in your companie.

*Enter Priest.*

*Priest.* Doll, come hither.

*har.* Priest, she shall not.

*Doll.* Ile come anon, sweete loue.

*Pri.* Hand off, old fornicator.

*har.* Vicar, Ile sit here in spight of thee, is this fitte stufte for a Priest to carrie vp and downe with him?

*Priest.* Sirra, Dost thou not know that a good fellow parson may haue a chappell of ease, where his parish Church is, farre off?

*harp.* You whoreson ston'd Vicar.

*Priest.* You old stale Ruffin, you Lyon of Cotsoll.

*har.* Zounds Vicar, Ile geld you.

*Flyes vpon him.*

*Con.* Keepe the Kings peace.

*Doll.* Murder, murder, murder.

*Aleman* Hold, as you are men, hold; for Gods sake be quiet: put vp your weapons, you draw not in my house.

*har.* You whoreson bawdy Priest.

*Priest.*



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

*Priest.* You old mutton-monger.

*Con.* Hold sir Iohn, hold.

*Doll.* I pray thee sweete heart be quiet, I was but sitting to drinke a pot of Ale with him, euen as kinde a man as euer I met with.

*Har.* Thou art a Theefe I warrant thee.

*Priest.* Then I am but as thou hast bene in thy dayes, let's not be ashamed of our Trade, the King has bene a Theefe himselfe.

*Dol.* Come, be quiet, hast thou sped ?

*Priest.* I haue wench, here be crownes yfaith.

*Dol.* Come, let's be all friends then.

*Con.* Well said Mistris Dorothy.

*Har.* Thou art the maddest Priest that ere I met with.

*Priest.* Giue me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow :

I am a singer, a drinker, a bencher, a wench; I can say a Masse, and kisse a Lasse : Faith, I haue a parsonage, and because I would not be at too much charges, this wench serueth me for a Sexton.

*Harp.* Wel said mad priest, weel in & be friends. *Exeunt*  
*Enter sir Roger Acton, M. Bourne, M. Beuerley, and William Murley the Brewer of Dunstable.*

*Acton.* Now master Murley, I am well assur'd  
You know our arrant, and do like the cause,  
Being a man affected as wee are ?

*Mu.* Marry God dild yee dainty my deare : No Maister good sir Roger Acton, M. Bourne, and M. Beuerley Gentlemen and Iustices of the peace, no master I but plaine William Murley the brewer of Dunstable your honest neighbour and your friend, if ye be men of my profession.

*Beuer.* Professed friends to Wickliffe, foes to Rome.

*Mur.* Hold by me Lad, leane vpon that staffe good master Beuerley, all of a house, say your mind, say your minde.

*Acton.* You know our faction now is growne so great  
Throughout the Realme, that it begins to smoake  
Into the Clergies eyes, and the Kings eares,

D

High

*The first part of*

High time it is that we were drawne to head,  
Our generall and officers appointed.  
And warres ye wot will aske great store of coine,  
Able to strength our action with your purse,  
You are elected for a Colonell  
Ouer a Regiment of fiftene bands.

*Mur.* Fie, paltry paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more  
or lesse vpon occasion, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, what a  
world is this? Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man,  
a plaine brewer, ye know: will lusty caualeering Captains  
(Gentlemen) come at my calling, go at my bidding? Dain-  
ty my deere, they'l do a dogge of waxe, a horse of cheese, a  
pricke and a pudding; no, no, ye must appoint some Lorde  
or Knight at least to that place.

*Boar.* Why master Murley, you shall be a Knight:  
Were you not in election to be Sheriffe?  
Haue ye not past all Offices but that?  
Haue ye not wealth to make your wife a Lady?  
I warrant you, my Lord, our Generall  
Bestowes that honor on you at first sight.

*Mur.* Marry God dild ye dainty my deare:  
But tell me, who shall be our Generall?  
Where's the Lord Cobham, sir Iohn Old-castle  
That noble almesgiuer, house-keeper, vertuous,  
Religious Gentleman? Come to me there boyes,  
Come to me there.

*Acton.* Why who but he shall be our Generall?

*Mur.* And shall he knight me, and make mee Colonell?

*Act.* My word for that, sir William Murley knight.

*Mur.* Fellow Sir Roger Acton Knight, all fellows I mean  
in armes, how strong are we? how many partners? Our e-  
neinies beside the King are mighty, be it more or lesse vp-  
on occasion, reckon our force.

*Act.* There are of vs our friends and followers,  
Three thousand and three hundred at the least:  
Of Northerne lads foure thousand, beside horse,

From



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

From Kent there comes with sir Iohn Old-castle  
Seuen thousand, then from London yssue out,  
Of masters, seruants, strangers, prentises,  
Forty odde thousands into Ficket field,  
Where we appoint our speciall randeuous.

*Mur.* Fue paltry, paltry, in and out, too and fro, Lord haue  
mercy vpon vs, what a world is this? Where's that Ficket  
field, sir Roger?

*Act.* Behind S. Giles in the field neere Holborne.

*Mur.* Newgate, vp Holborne, S. Giles in the field, and to  
Tyburne, an old saw. For the day, for the day?

*Act.* On Friday next, the fourteenth day of Ianuary.

*Mur.* Tylly vally, trust mee neuer if I haue any liking of  
that day. Fue, paltry, paltry, Friday quoth a, dismall day,  
Childermas day this yeare was Friday.

*Ben.* Nay M. Murley, if you obsetue such dayes,  
We make some question of your constancie,  
All dayes are like to men resolu'd in right.

*Mur.* Say Amen, and say no more, but say and hold mai-  
ster Beuerley: Friday next, & Ficket field, & William Mur-  
ley and his merry men shall bee ali one: I haue halfe a score  
iades that draw my beere Carts, and euery iade shall beare  
a knaue, and euery knaue shall weare a iack, and euery iacke  
shall haue a scull, and euery scull shall shew a speare, and e-  
uery speare shall kill a foe at Ficket fielde, at Ficket fielde:  
Iohn and Tom, Dicke and Hodge, Rafe and Robin, William  
and George, and all my knaues shall fight like men, at Fic-  
ket field on Friday next.

*Bonr.* What sum of money meane you to disburse?

*Mur.* It may be modestly, decently, soberly, and hand-  
somly I may bring five hundred pound.

*Act.* Five hundred man? five thousands not enough,  
A hundred thousand will not pay our men  
Two months together, either come prepar'd  
Like a braue Knight, and martiall Colonell,  
In glittering gold, and gallant Furniture,

*The first part of*

Bringing in Coine, a Cart-load at the least,  
And all your followers mounted on good horse,  
Or neuer come disgracefull to vs all.

*Ben.* Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,  
Ten thousand pound's the least that you can bring.

*Mur.* Paltry, paltry, in and out, too and fro: vpon occasion  
I haue ten thousand pound to spend, and ten too. And rather  
then the Bishop shall haue his will of me for my Conscience,  
it shall all. Flame and flaxe, flaxe and flame. it was  
got with water and Malt, and it shall flye with fire & Gun-  
powder. Sir Roger, a cart-load of money till the Axletree  
cracke; my selfe and my men in Fickerfield on Friday next:  
remember my Knight-hood and my place: ther's my hand  
He be there.

*Exit*

*Act.* See what ambition may perswade men too,  
In hope of honor he will spend himselfe.

*Bon.* I neuer thought a Brewer halfe so rich.

*Ben.* Was neuer bankerout Brewer yet but one,  
With vsing too much Malt, too little water.

*Act.* That's no fault in Brewers now adayes:  
Come, away about our businesse.

*Exeunt*

*Enter K. Harry, Suffolke, Butler, Oldcastle kneeling to the King.*

*K.* Tis not enough Lord Cobham to submit,  
You must forsake your grosse opinion;  
The Bishops finde themselves much iniured,  
And though for some good seruice you haue done,  
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,  
Yet they will not so soone be satisfied.

*Cob.* My gracious Lord, vnto your Maiesty,  
Next vnto my God, I owe my life;  
And what is mine, either by Natures gift,  
Or fortunes bountie, all is at your seruice.  
But for obedience to the Pope of Rome,  
I owe him none; nor shall his shaueling Priests  
That are in England, alter my beleefe.

*If*



*Sir Iohn Old-castle.*

If out of holy Scripture they can proue  
That I am in an error, I will yeeld,  
And gladly take instruction at their hands :  
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace,  
My conscience may not be incroacht vpon.

*King.* We would be loath to presse our subiects bodies,  
Much lesse their soules, the deere redeemed part  
Of him that is the ruler of vs all :  
Yet let me counsell you, that might command ;  
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,  
Nor suffer any meetings to be had  
Within your house, but to the vttermost  
Disperse the flockes of this new gathering sect.

*Cob.* My Liege, if any breath that dares come forth,  
And say, my life in any of these points  
Deserues th'attainder of ignoble thoughts :  
Heere stand I, crauing no remorse at all,  
But euen the vtmost rigour may be shewne.

*King.* Let it suffice we know your loyalty,  
What haue you there ?

*Cob.* A deede of clemency,  
Your highnesse pardon for Lord Powis life,  
Which I did beg, and you my Noble Lord,  
Of gracious fauour did vouchsafe to grant.

*Kin.* But yet it is not signed with our hand.

*Cob.* Not yet my Liege.

*Kin.* The fact you say was done  
Not of pretended malice, but by chance.

*Cob.* Vpon mine honor so, no otherwise.

*Writes*

*Kin.* There is his pardon, bid him make amends,  
And cleanse his soule to God for his offence,  
What we remit, is but the bodies scourge.  
How now Lord byshop ?

*Enter Bishop*

*Bish.* Iustice dread Soueraigne,  
As thou art King, so grant I may haue iustice.

*Kin.* What meanes this exclamation? Let vs know.

*The first part of*

*Bish.* Ah my good Lord, the State's abuse,  
And our decrees most shamefully prophan'd.

*Kin.* How? or by whom?

*Bish.* Euen by this heretike,  
This Iew, this Traitor to your Maiesty..

*Cob.* Prelate thou lye'st, euen in thy greasie maw,  
Or whosoever twits me with the name,  
Of either Traitor, or of heretike.

*Kin.* Forbeare I say: and by shop, shew the cause  
From whence this late abuse hath bene deriu'd.

*Bish.* Thus mighty King: by generall consent  
A messenger was sent to scite this Lord  
To make appearance in the Consistory:  
And comming to his house, a Ruffian slaue,  
One of his daily followers, met the man,  
Who knowing him to be a Parator  
Assaults him first, and after in contempt  
Of vs, and our proceedings, makes him eate  
The written Processe, parchment, scale and all:  
Whereby his master neither was brought forth,  
Nor we but scorn'd for our authority.

*Kin.* When was this done?

*Bish.* At six a clocke this morning.

*Kin.* And when came you to Court?

*Cob.* Last night my Liege.

*Kin.* By this it seemes he is not guilty of it,  
And you haue done him wrong t'accuse him so.

*Bish.* But it was done my Lord by his appointment,  
Or else his man durst not haue bene so bold.

*Kin.* Or else you durst bee bold to interrupt  
And fill our eares with friuolous complaints.

Is this the duty you do beare to vs?

Was't not sufficient we did passe our word  
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,  
Or which is worse, intending to forestall  
Our Regall power, must likewise summon him?

**This**



*Sir Iohn Old-castle.*

This fauours of Ambition, not of zeale,  
And rather proues you malice his estate,  
Than any way that he offends the Law.  
Go too, we like it not: and hee your Officer  
Had his desert for being insolent,  
That was imployd so much amisse heerein.

*Enter Huntington*

So Cobham when you please, you may depart.

*Cob.* I humbly bid farewell vnto my Liege.

*Exit*

*Kin.* Farewell: what's the newes by *Huntington*?

*Hun.* Sir Roger Acton, and a crew (my Lord)  
Of bold seditious Rebels, are in Armes,  
Intending reformation of Religion.  
And with their army they intend to pitch  
In Ficket field, vnlesse they be repulst.

*Kin.* So neere our presence? Dare they be so bold?  
And will proud warre and eager thirst of blood,  
Whom we had thought to entertaine farre off,  
Presse forth vpon vs in our Natiue bounds?  
Must we be forc'd to hantsell our sharpe blades  
In England heere, which we prepar'd for France?  
Well, a Gods name be it. VVhat's their number? say,  
Or who's the cheefe Commander of this rowt?

*Hun.* Their number is not knowne, as yet my Lord,  
But tis reported, Sir Iohn Old-castle  
Is the cheefe man, on whom they do depend.

*Kin.* How? the Lord Cobham?

*Hun.* Yes my gracious Lord.

*Bish.* I could haue told your Maiesty as much  
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace  
Was too much blinded by his flattery.

*Suf.* Send poast my Lord to ferch him backe againe.

*But.* Traitor vnto his Country, how he smooth'd  
And seem'd as innocent as Truth it selfe?

*Kin.* I cannot thinke it yet he would be false:  
But if he be, no matter, let him go,  
Weel meet both him and them vnto their wo.

*Bish.*

*The first part of*

*Bish.* This fals out well, and at the last I hope  
To see this hereticke die in a rope.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Earle of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, Gray, and  
Chartres the French Factor.*

*Scroop.* Once more my Lord of Cambridge make reherfall  
How you do stand intituled to the Crowne,  
The deeper shall we print it in our minds,  
And euey man the better be resolu'd,  
VVhen he perceiues his quarrell to be iust.

*Cam.* Then thus Lord Scroope, sir Thomas Grey, & you  
Monsieur de Chartres, agent for the French.  
This Lionell Duke of Clarence (as I said)  
Third sonne of Edward (Englands King) the third,  
Had issue Philip his sole daughter and heire;  
Which Philip, afterward was giuen in marriage  
To Edmund Mortimer the Earle of March,  
And by him had a son cald Roger Mortimer;  
VVhich Roger likewise had of his descent,  
Edmund, Roger, Anne, and Elianor,  
Two daughters and two sonnes, but those three  
Dide without issue: Anne, that did suruiue,  
And now was left her Fathers onely heire,  
By fortune was to marry, being too  
By my Grandfather of King Edwards line:  
So of his fir-name, I am cald you know.  
Richard Plantagenet, my father was,  
Edward the Duke of Yorke, and sonne and heyre  
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's first sonne.

*Scro.* So that it seemes your claime comes by your wife,  
As lawfull heire to Roger Mortimer  
The son of Edmund, which did marry Philip  
Daughter and heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence.

*Cam.* True, for this *Harry*, and his father both  
*Harry* the first, as plainly doth appeare,  
Are false intruders, and vsurpe the Crowne.  
For when yong Richard was at Pomfret slaine,

*In*



*Sir John Old-Castle.*

In him the Title of Prince Edward dyed,  
That was the eldest of King Edwards sonnes:  
*William* of *Hatfield*, and their second brother,  
Death in his nonage had before bereft:  
So that my wife deriu'd from *Lyonell*  
Third sonne vnto king Edward, ought proceede  
And take possession of the Diadem  
Before this *Harry*, or his Father king,  
Who fetch their title but from Lancaster,  
Forth of that royall line. And being thus,  
What reason ist, but she should haue her right?

*Scr.* I am resolu'd, our enterprize is iust.

*Gray.* *Harry* shall dye, or else resigne his Crowne.

*Chart.* Performe but that, and Charles the K. of France  
Shall ayde you Lords, not onely with his men,  
But send you money to maintaine your warres:  
Fiuie hundred thousand Crownes he bad me proffer,  
If you can stop but *Harries* voyage for France.

*Scr.* VVe neuer had a fitter time than now,  
The Realme in such diuision as it is.

*Cam.* Besides you must perswade you, there is due  
Vengeance for Richards murther, which although  
It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at last,  
And now as likely as another time.  
Sin hath had many yeares to ripen in,  
And now the haruest cannot be farre off,  
VWherein the weeds of vsurpation  
Are to be cropt, and cast into the fire.

*Scr.* No more Earle Cambridge, here I plight my Faith,  
To set vp thee, and thy renowned wife.

*Gray.* *Gray* will performe the same, as he is Knight.

*Chart.* And to assist ye, as I said before,  
*Chartres* doth gage the honor of his King.

*Scr.* We lacke but now Lord Cobhams fellowship,  
And then our plot were absolute indeede.

*Cam.* Doubt not of him, my Lord, his life's pursu'de

E

By

*The first part of*  
By th'incensed Clergy, and of late  
Brought in displeasure with the King, assures  
He may be quickly won vnto our faction.  
Who hath the Articles were drawne at large  
Of our whole purpose?

*Gray.* That haue I my Lord.

*Cam.* We should not now be farre off from his house,  
Our serious Conference hath beguild the way:  
See where his Castle stands, giue me the writing.  
VVhen we are come vnto the speech of him,  
Because we will not stand to make recount  
Of that which hath bene said, heere hee shall reade  
Our minds at large, and what we craue of him.

*Enter Cobham.*

*Scr.* A ready way: heere comes the man himselfe  
Booted and spurr'd, it seemes he hath benee riding.

*Cam.* VVell met Lord Cobham.

*Cob.* My Lord of Cambridge?  
Your honor is most welcome into Kent,  
And all the rest of this faire company.  
I am new come from London, gentle Lordst:  
But will ye not take Cowling for your host,  
And see what entertainment it affoord?

*Cam.* We were intended to haue bene your guests:  
But now this lucky meeting shall suffice  
To end our businesse, and deferre that kindnesse.

*Cob.* Businesse my Lord? what businesse should  
Let you to be merry? we haue no delicates;  
Yet this Ile promise you, a peece of Venison,  
A cup of wine, and so forth, hunters fare:  
And if you please, weel strike the stag our selues  
Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.

*Scro.* That is indeed the thing we all desire.

*Cob.* My Lords, and you shall haue your choise with mee.

*Cam.* Nay but the stag which we desire to strike,  
Liues not in Cowling: if you will consent,

And



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

And go with vs, weel bring you to a Forrest,  
Where runnes a lusty heard : among the which  
There is a stag superiour to the rest;  
A stately beast, that when his fellowes run  
He leads the race, and beates the sullen earth,  
As though he scorn'd it with his trampling hoofes,  
Aloft he beares his head, and with his brest  
Like a huge bulwarke counter-checkes the winde:  
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth  
His proud ambitious necke, as if he meant  
To wound the Firmament with forked hornes.

*Cob.* Tis pittie such a goodly beast should dye.

*Cam.* Not so sir Iohn, for he is tyrannous,  
And gores the other Deere, and wil not keepe  
Within the limites are appointed him.  
Of late he's broke into a severall.  
Which doth belong to mee, and there he spoiles  
Both corne and pasture, two of his wilde race  
Alike for stealth, and couetous incroaching,  
Already are remou'd; if he were dead,  
I should not onely be secure from hurt,  
But with his body make a royall feast.

*Scro.* How say you then, will you first hunt with vs?

*Cob.* Faith Lords, I like the pastime, where's the place?

*Cam.* Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,  
And what occasion we haue for the sport. *He reads*

*Cob.* Call ye this hunting my Lords? Is this the Stagge  
You faine would chase, *Harry* our dread King?  
So we may make a banquet for the diuell;  
And in the steede of wholesome meate, prepare  
A dish of poyson to confound our selues.

*Cam.* Why so Lord Cobham? See you not our claime?  
And how imperiously he holds the Crowne?

*Ser.* Besides, you know your selfe is in disgrace,  
Held as a recreant, and pursu'd to death.  
This will defend you from your enemies,

*The first part of*

And stablish your Religion through the Land.

*Cob.* Notorious treason! yet I will conceale  
My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.  
My Lord of Cambridge, I do see your claime,  
And what good may redound vnto the Land,  
By prosecuting of this enterprize.

But where are men? where's power and furniture  
To order such an action? we are weake,  
*Harry*, you know's a mighty Potentate.

*Cam.* Tut, we are strong enough; you are belou'd,  
And many will be glad to follow you,  
VVe are the light, and some will follow vs:  
Nay, there is hope from France: here's an Ambassador  
That promifeth both men and money too.  
The Commons likewise (as we heare) pretend  
A sodaine tumult, we will ioyne with them.

*Cob.* Some likely-hood, I must confesse, to speed:  
But how shall I belecue this in plaine truth?  
You are (my Lords) such men as liue in Court,  
And haue bene highly fauoured of the King,  
Especially Lord Scroope, whom oftentimes  
He maketh choise for his bedfellow.

And you Lord Gray are of his priuy Counsell:  
Is not this a traine laide to intrap my life?

*Cam.* I hen perish may my soule? what thinke you so?

*Scr.* Weele sweare to you.

*Gray.* Or take the Sacrament.

*Cob.* Nay you are Noble men, and I imagine,  
As you are honourable by birth, and blood,  
So you will be in heart, in thought, in worde.  
I craue no other testimony but this.

That you would all subscribe, and set your hands  
Vnto this writing which you gave to me.

*Cam.* With all our hearts: who hath any pen and inke?

*Scr.* My pocket should haue one; O, heere it is.

*Cam.* Giue it me Lord Scroope. There is my name.

*aside*

*Scro.*



*Sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*Scr.* And there is my name.

*Gray.* And mine.

*Cob.* Sir, let me craue that would likewise write your name with theirs, for confirmation of your Maisters words the King of France.

*Char.* That will I Noble Lord.

*Cob.* So now this action is well knit together,  
And I am for you; where's our meeting, Lords?

*Cam.* Heere if you please, the tenth of July next.

*Cob.* in Kent? agreed. Now let vs in to supper,  
I hope your honors will not away to night.

*Cam.* Yes presently, for I haue farre to ride,  
About soliciting of other friends.

*Scro.* And we would not be absent from the Court,  
Least thereby grow suspition in the King.

*Cob.* Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.

*Cam.* Not now my Lord, we thank you: so farwel. *Exit*

*Cob.* Farewell my Noble Lords. My Noble Lords?  
My noble villaines, base Conspirators,  
How can they looke his Highnesse in the face,  
Whom they so closely study to betray?  
But Ile not sleepe vntill I make it knowne.  
This head shall not be burthen'd with such thoughts,  
Nor in this heart will I conceale a deede  
Of such impiety against my King.  
Madam, how now?

*Enter Harpoole and the rest.*

*L. Cobb.* Y'are welcome home, my Lord:  
Why seeme ye so disquiet in your lookes?  
What hath befallne you that disturbes your minde?

*L. Powis.* Bad newes I am afraid touching my husband.

*Cob.* Madam, not so: there is your husbands pardon,  
Long may ye liue, each ioy vnto the other.

*La. Po.* So great a kindnesse, as I know not how to make  
reply, my sense is quite confounded.

*Cob.* Let that alone: and Madam stay me not,

*The first part of*

For I must backe vnto the Court againe,  
With all the speede I can: Harpoole, my horse.

*L. Cob.* So soone my Lord? what will you ride all night?

*Cob.* All night or day, it must be so sweet wife;  
Urge me not why, or what my businesse is,  
But get you in: Lord Powesse, beare with mee.  
And madam, thinke your welcome nere the worse,  
My house is at your vse. Harpoole, away.

*Har.* Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?

*Cob.* Yea sir, your Gelding, mount you presently. *Exit*

*La. Cob.* I prethee Harpoole looke vnto thy Lord,  
I do not like this fodaine poasting backe.

*Po.* Some earnest businesse is a foote belike,  
What ere it be, pray God be his good guide.

*La. Po.* Amen, that hath so highly vs bested.

*La. Cab.* Come Madam & my Lord, weel hope the best,  
You shall not into Wales till he returne.

*Pow.* Though great occasion bee we should depart, yet  
Madam will we stay to be resolu'd of this vnlookt for doubt  
full accident. *Exeunt*

*Enter Murley and his men. prepared in some filthy  
order for war.*

*Mur.* Come my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, so-  
berly, & handsomly; no man afore his Leader: follow your  
Master, your Captaine, your Knight that shalbe, for the ho-  
nour of Meal-men, Millers, & Malt-men, dan is the mouse:  
Dicke and Tom for the credit of Dunstable, ding down the  
enemy to morrow. Ye shall not come into the field like beg-  
gars. Where be Leonard and Lawrence my two Loaders,  
Lord haue mercy vpon vs, what a world is this? I woulde  
giue a couple of shillings for a dozen of good Feathers for  
ye, and forty pence for as many scarffes to set ye out with-  
all. Frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till hee bee  
braue.

*Dicke.* Master we are no babes, our towne foot-bals can  
beare witnesse: this little parrell we haue shall off, & wee'l  
fight



*Sir Iohn Old-castle.*

fight naked before we run away.

*Tom.* Nay, I'me of Laurance mind for that, for he means to leaue his life behind him, he and Leonard your two loaders are making their wils because they haue wiues, now we batchellers bid our frends scramble for our goods if we dye : but master, pray ye let me ride vpon Cut.

*Mur.* Meale and salt, wheat and Malt, fire and tow, frost and snow, why Tom thou shalt. Let me see, heere are you, William and George are with my Cart, & Robin & Hodge holding my owne two horses, proper men, handsome men, tall men, true men.

*Dicke.* But master, master, me thinkes you are a mad man, to hazard your owne person, and a cart load of money too.

*Tom.* Yea, and master there's a worse matter in't; if it be as I heard say, we go to fight against all the lerned bishops, that should giue vs their blessing, and if they curse vs, wee shall speed nere the better.

*Dic.* Nay burlady, some say the King takes their part, and master dare you fight against the King.

*Mur.* Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro vpon occasion, if the King bee so vnwise to come there, wee le fight with him too.

*Tom.* What if ye should kill the King?

*Mur.* Then wee'l make another.

*Dic.* Is that all? do ye not speake treason?

*Mur.* If we do, who dare trip vs? We come to fight for our conscience, and for honor : little know you what is in my bosome, looke heere mad knaues, a paire of gilt spurs.

*Tom.* A paire of golden spurs? why do you not put them on your heeles? your bosome's no place for spurs.

*Mur.* Be't more or lesse vpon occasion, Lord haue ~~per-~~cy vpon vs. Tom th'art a foole, and thou speakst treason to Knight-hood: dare any weare gold or siluer spurs till he be a Knight? No, I shall be knighted to morrow, & then they shall on: Sirs, was it euer read in the Church book of Dunstable, that euer Malt-man was made Knight?

*Tom*

*The first part of*

*Tom.* No but you are more: you are Meal-man, Maltman, Miller, Corne-master and all.

*Dicke* Yea, and halfe a brewer too, and the diuell and all for wealth: you bring more money with you, than all the rest.

*Mur.* The more's my honor, I shall bee a Knight to morrow. Let me spose my men, Tom vpon cut, Dick vpon hob, Hodge vpon ball, Raph vpon Sorell, and Robin vpon the fore-horse.

*Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beuerley.*

*Tom.* Stand, who comes there?

*Act.* All friends, good fellow.

*Mur.* Friends and fellowes indeed sir Roger.

*Act.* Why thus you shew your selfe a Gentleman, To keepe your day, and come so well prepar'd. Your Cart stands yonder, guarded by your men, Who tell me it is loaden well with Coine, What summe is there?

*Mur.* Ten thousand pound sir Roger, and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly, see what I haue here against I be knighted.

*Act.* Gilt spurres? Tis well,

*Mur.* Where's our army sir?

*Act.* Disperst in sundry villages about; Some heere with vs in Hygate, some at Finchley, Totnam, Enfield, Edmuntou, Newington, Islington, Hogsdon, Pancridge, Kenzington, Some neerer Thames, Ratcliffe, Blackwall, and Bow: But our cheefe strength must be the Londoners, Which ere the Sun to morrow shine, Will be neere fifty thousand in the field.

*Mur.* Marry God dild ye dainty my deere, but vpon occasion sir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power against vs?

*Act.* No, he's secure at Eltham.

*Mur.* What do the Clergie?

*Act.*



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

*Act.* Feare extreemly, yet prepare no force.

*Mur.* In and out, too and fro, bully my boykin, we shal carry the world afore vs, I vow by my worship, when I am knighted, weele take the King napping, if he stand on their part.

*Act.* This night we few in Hygate will repose,  
With the first Cocke weel rise and arme our selues,  
To be in Ficket field by breake of day,  
And there expect our Generall.

*Mur.* Sir Iohn Old-castle, what if he come not ?

*Bou.* Yet our action stands,  
Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

*Mur.* True M. Bourn, but who shall make me Knight ?

*Ben.* He that hath power to be our Generall.

*Act.* Talke not of trifles, come let's away,  
Our friends of London long till it be day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Priest and Doll.*

*Doll.* By my troth, thou art as ieaious a man as liues.

*Priest.* Canst thou blame me Doll, thou art my lands, my goods, my iewels, my wealth, my purse, none walks within forty miles of London, but a plies thee as truly, as the parish does the poore mans boxe.

*Doll.* I am as true to thee, as the stone is in the wall, and thou knowst well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any wench need to be : and therefore thou hast tried me that thou hast : and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

*Pri.* Doll, if this blade holde, there's not a pedler walks with a packe, but thou shalt as boldly choose of his wares, as with thy ready mony in a Marchants shop, weele haue as good siluer as the King coines any.

*Doll.* What is all the Golde spent you tooke the last day from the Courtier ?

*Pri.* Tis gone Doll, tis flowne; merrily come, merily gon; he comes a horse backe that must pay for all; weel haue as good meat as mony can get, and as good gownes as can be  
F bought

*The first part of*  
bought for gold, be merry wench, the Malt-man comes on  
monday.

*Doll.* You might haue left me at Cobham, vntill you had  
bin better prouided for.

*Pri.* No sweet Doll, no, I like not that, yon olde ruffian is  
not for the Priest: I do not like a new Cleark should come  
in the old bel-fry.

*Doll.* Thou art a mad priest ifaith.

*Pri.* Come Doll, Ile see thee safe at some ale-house heere  
at Cray, and the next sheepe that comes shall leaue behind  
his fleece.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King, Suffolke, and Butler.*

*King in great hast.* My Lord of Suffolke, post away for life,  
And let our forces of such horse and foote,  
As can be gathered vp by any meanes.  
Make speedy randeuow in Tuttle fields,  
It must be done this euening my Lord,  
This night the Rebels meane to draw to head  
Neere Islington, which if your speed preuent not,  
If once they should vnite their seuerall forces,  
Their power is almost thought inuincible,  
Away my Lord, I will be with you soone.

*Suf.* I go my Soueraigne with all happy speed. *exit.*

*Kin.* Make hast my Lord of Suffolke, as you loue vs.  
*Butler,* post you to London with all speede:  
Command the Maior and Sheriffes on their allegiance,  
The Citty gates be presently shut vp,  
And guarded with a strong sufficient watch,  
And not a man be suffered to passe,  
Without a speciall warrant from our selfe.  
Command the Posterne by the Tower be kept,  
And proclamation on the paine of death,  
That not a Citizen stirre from his doores,  
Except such as the Maior and Shrieues shall choose  
For their owne guard, and safety of their persons:  
*Butler* away, haue care vnto my charge.

*Butl.*



*Sir John Old-Castle.*

*But.* I go my Soueraigne.

*Kin.* Butler.

*But.* My Lord.

*Kin.* Go downe by Greenwich, and command a boate,  
At the Friars bridge attend my comming downe.

*But.* I will my Lord.

*Exit Butler.*

*King.* It's time I thinke to looke vnto Rebellion,  
When Aton doth expect vnto his aide,  
No lesse then fifty thousand Londoners.  
Well, Ile to Westminster in this disguise,  
To heare what newes is stirring in these brawles.

*Enter Priest.*

*Pri.* Stand true-man, sayes a Theefe.

*Kin.* Stand theefe sayes a true-man: how if a theefe?

*Pri.* Stand theefe too.

*Kin.* Then theefe or true-man, I must stand I see howso-  
euer the world wags, the trade of theeuing yet will neuer  
downe. What art thou?

*Pri.* A good fellow.

*Kin.* So am I too, I see thou dost know mee.

*Pri.* If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellowes,  
part, deliuer thy purse without more ado.

*Kin.* I haue no money.

*Pri.* I must make you finde some before wee part, if you  
haue no mony you shall haue ware, as many sound blowes  
as your skin can carry.

*King.* Is that the plaine truth?

*Pri.* Sirra, no more ado; come, come, giue me the money  
you haue. Dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

*Kin.* Well, if thou wilt needs haue it, there it is: iust the  
Prouerbe, one theefe robs another. Where the diuel are all  
my old theeues? Falstaffe that villaine is so fat, hee cannot  
get on's horse, but me thinkes Paines and Peto should bee  
stirring hereabouts.

*Pri.* How much is there on't of thy word?

*Kin.* A hundred pound in Angels, on my word.

*The first part of*

The time has beene I would haue done as much  
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I haue now.

*Pri.* Sirra, what art thou? thou seemst a Gentleman?

*Kin.* I am no lesse, yet a poore one now, for thou hast all  
my money.

*Pri.* From whence camst thou?

*Kin.* From the Court at Eltham.

*Pri.* Art thou one of the Kings seruants?

*Kin.* Yes that I am, and one of his Chamber.

*Pri.* I am gladde th'art no worse: thou maist the better  
spare thy mony, and think thou mightst get a poore Theefe  
his pardon if he should haue neede.

*Kin.* Yes that I can.

*Pri.* Wilt thou do so much for me, (when I shall haue oc-  
casion?

*Kin.* Yes faith will I, so it be for no murther.

*Pri.* Nay, I am a pittifull theefe, all the hurt I do a man, I  
take but his purse, Ile kill no man.

*King.* Then of my word Ile do't.

*Pri.* Giue me thy hand of the same.

*Kin.* There tis.

*Pri.* Me thinkes the King should be good to theeues be-  
cause he has bin a theefe himselfe, though I thinke now hee  
be turned true man.

*Kin.* Faith I haue heard indeede h'as had an ill name that  
way in's youth: but how canst thou tell that he has beene a  
Theefe?

*Priest.* How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to  
the trade my selfe, when that foule villanous guts, that led  
him to all that Roguery, was in's company there, that Fal-  
staffe.

*King aside.* Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but euen  
with him now Ile be sworne: Thou knowest not the King  
now I thinke, if thou sawest him?

*Pri.* Not I yfaith.

*K. aside.* So it should seeme.

*Priest.*



*Sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*Pri.* Well, if olde King Harry had liu'd, this King that is now, had made theeuing the best trade in England.

*King.* Why so?

*Pri.* Because he was the cheefe warden of our company, it's pittie that ere he should haue beene a King, hee was so braue a theefe. But sirra, wilt remember my pardon if need be?

*King.* Yes faith will I.

*Pri.* Wilt thou? Well then, because thou shalt goe safe, for thou mayest hap (being so early) be met with again, before thou come to Southwarke, if any man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but sir Iohn and they will let thee passe.

*King.* Is that the word? well then let me alone.

*Pri.* Nay sirra, because I thinke indeede I shal haue some occasion to vse thee, and as thou comst oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here ile break this Angel, take thou halfe of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me.

*King.* God a mercy, farewell.

*Exit*

*Pri.* O my fine golden flanes, here's for thee wench ifaith. Now Dol, we will reuell in our beuer, this is a Tyth-pig of my vicarage. God a mercy neighbour Shooters hill, you ha paide your tythe honestly. Wel, I heare there is a company of rebels vp against the King, got together in Ficket fielde neere Holborne, and as it is thought heere in Kent, the King wil be there to night in's owne person: wel, Ile to the kings campe, and it shal go hard but if there be any dooinges, Ile make some good boot among them.

*Exit*

*Enter K. Henry, Suffolke, Huntington, and two with lights.*

*King.* My Lords of Suffolke and of Huntington,  
Who scouts it now? Or who stands Sentinels?  
What men of worth? what Lords do walke the round?

*Suf.* May't please your highnesse.

*King.* Peace, no more of that,  
The King's asleepe, wake not his Maicesty,

*The first part of*

With termes nor Titles; he's at rest in bed,  
Kings do not vse to watch themselues, they sleep,  
And let rebellion and conspiracie,  
Reuell and hauocke in the Common-wealth.  
Is London look'd vnto?

*Hun.* It is my Lord:

Your noble Vnckle Exeter is there.  
Your brother Gloucester, and my Lord of Warwicke,  
VWho with the Maior and the Aldermen  
Do guard the gates, and keepe good rule within.  
The Earle of Cambridge, and sir Thomas Gray  
Do walke the round, Lord Scroope and Butler scout,  
So though it please your Maiesty to iest,  
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest.

*Kin.* I thanke ye Lords: but you do know of old,  
That I haue beene a perfect night-walker:  
London you say is safely lookt vnto,  
Alas poore Rebels, there your ayde must faile,  
And the Lord Cobham Sir Iohn Old-castle,  
Quiet in Kent, Acton ye are deceiu'd:  
Reckon againe, you count without your hoste.  
To morrow you shall giue account to vs,  
Till when my friends, this long cold winters night  
How can we spend? King Harry is asleepe,  
And all his Lords, these garments tell vs so:  
All friends at foot-ball, fellowes all in fielde,  
Harry, and Dicke, and George: bring vs a drum, &  
Giue vs square dice, weel keepe this court of guard,  
For all good fellowes: companies that come.  
Where's that mad Priest ye told me was in armes  
To fight, as well as pray, if neede required.

*Suf.* He's in the Campe, and if he knew of this,  
I vndertake he would not be long hence.

*Kin.* Trip Dicke, trip George.

*Hun.* I must haue the dice: what do we play at?

*Suf.* Passage if ye please.

*Hun.*



*Sir John Old-castle.*

*Hunt.* Set round then: so, at all.

*Har.* George, you are out.

Giue me the dice, I passe for twenty pound,  
Here's to our lucky passage into France.

*Hun.* Harry you passe indeed, for you sweepe all.

*Suf.* A signe king Harry shall sweepe all in France.

*Enter Priest.*

*Pri.* Edge ye good fellowes, take a fresh gamster in.

*Har.* Master parson? we play nothing but gold?

*Pri.* And fellow I tel thee that the Priest hath gold, gold:  
what? ye are but beggarly soldiers to me, I thinke I haue  
more gold then all you three.

*Hun.* It may be so, but we belecue it not.

*Har.* Set Priest set, I passe for all that golde.

*Pri.* Ye passe indeede.

*Har.* Priest, hast any more?

*Pri.* More? what a question's that?

I tell thee I haue more then all you three,

At these ten Angels.

*Har.* I wonder how thou comst by all this gold.  
How many benefices hast thou Priest?

*Pri.* Faith but one, dost wonder how I come by Golde?  
I wonder rather how poore souldiers should haue gold: for  
Ile tell thee good fellow, we haue euery day tyths, offerings  
christnings, weddings, burials: and you poore snakes come  
fildome to a booty. Ile speak a proud word, I haue but one  
parsonage, Wrotham, tis better then the Byshoppricke of  
Rocheester: there's nere a hill, heath, nor downe in all Kent,  
but tis in my parish, Barrham downe, Chobham downe,  
Gads hil, Wrotham hill, blacke heath, Coekes heath, Bir-  
chen wood, al pay me tyth, gold quotha? ye pas not for that

*Suf.* Harry ye are out, now parson shake the dice.

*Pri.* Set, set, Ile couer yee, at all: A plague on't I am out,  
the diuel, and dice, and a wench who will trust them?

*Suf.* Saist thou so, priest? set faire, at all for once.

*Har.* Out sir, pay all.

*Exit.*

*The first part of*

*Pri.* Sir, pay me Angel gold,  
Ile none of your crackt French Crownes nor Pistolets.  
Pay me faire Angel gold, as I pay you.

*King.* No crackt French crownes? I hope to see more  
crackt French crownes ere long.

*Pri.* Thou meanst of Frenchmens crowns, when the kings  
in France.

*Hun.* Set round, at all.

*Pri.* Pay all: this is some lucke.

*King.* Giue me the dice, tis I must shred the priest;  
At all sir Iohn.

*Pri.* The diuel and all is yours: at that. Sdeath, what ca-  
sting's this?

*Suf.* Wel throwne Harry ifaith.

*King.* Ile cast better yet.

*Pri.* Then Ile be hang'd. Sirra, hast thou not giuen thy  
soule to the diuel for casting.

*Har.* I passe for all.

*Pri.* Thou passest all that ere I plaide withall:  
Sirra, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor flurre?

*King.* Set Parson set, the Dice dye in my hand.  
When Parson when? what can ye finde no more?  
Already dry? wast you brag'd of your store?

*Pri.* All's gone but that.

*Hun.* VVhat? halfe a broken Angel.

*Pri.* VVhy sir? tis golde.

*King.* Yea, and Ile couer it.

*Pri.* The diuel giue ye good on't, I am blinde, you haue  
blowne me vp.

*King.* Nay tarry Priest, ye shal not leaue vs yet,  
Do not these peeces fit each other wel.

*Pri.* VVhat if they do?

*King.* Thereby beginnes a tale:  
There was a Theefe, in face much like sir Iohn,  
But 'twas not he. That theefe was all in greene,  
Met me last day on Blacke Heath, neere the Parke,

with



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

With him a woman, I was all alone  
And weaponlesse, my boy had all my tooles,  
And was before prouiding me a boate.  
Short tale to make sir Iohn, the Theefe I meane,  
Tooke a iust hundreth pound in gold from me.  
I storm'd at it, and swore to be reueng'd  
If ere we met; he like a lusty Theefe,  
Brake with his teeth this Angel iust in two,  
To be a token at our meeting next.  
Prouided, I should charge no Officer  
To apprehend him, but at weapons point  
Recover that, and what he had beside.  
Well met sir Iohn, betake ye to your tooles  
By Torch-light, for master Parson you are hee  
That had my Golde.

*Pri.* Zounds I won't in play, in faire square play, of the  
keeper of Eltham parke, and that I will maintain with this  
poore whinyard, be you two honest men to stand & looke  
vpon's, and let's alone, and take neither part.

*kin.* Agreed, I charge ye do not boudge a foot,  
Sir Iohn haue at ye.

*Pri.* Souldier, ware your sconce.

*As they proffer, enter Butler, and drawes his  
sword to part them.*

*But.* Hold villaine hold: my Lords, what d'ye meane,  
To see a Traitor draw against the King?

*Pri.* The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle.

*kin.* Butler what newes? why dost thou trouble vs?

*But.* Please your Maiesty, it's breake of day,  
And as I scouted neere to Islington,  
The gray-ey'd morning gaue me glimmering,  
Of armed men comming downe Hygate hill,  
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.

*kin.* Let vs withdraw my Lords, prepare our troopes,  
To charge the Rebels if there be such cause:  
For this lewd priest, this diuellish hypocrite,

G

That

*The first part of*

That is a theefe, a gamster, and what not,  
Let him be hang'd vp for example sake.

*Priest.* Not so my gracious Soueraigne, I confesse I am a  
fraile man, flesh and blood as other are; but set my imperfe-  
ctions aside, ye haue not a taller man, nor a truer subiect to  
the Crowne and State, than sir Iohn of Wrotham is.

*King.* Will a true subiect rob his king?

*Pri.* Alas 'twas ignorance and want my gracious Liege.

*King.* 'Twas want of grace. Why, you should be as salt  
To season others with good document,  
Your liues as lampes to giue the people light,  
As shepheards, not as Wolues to spoile the flocke,  
Go hang him Butler.

*But.* Didst thou not rob me?

*Pri.* I must confesse I saw some of your Golde, but my  
dread Lord I am in no humour for death: God wil that sin-  
ners liue, do not you cause me to dye, once in theyr liues the  
best may go astray, and if the world say true, your selfe (my  
Liege) haue bin a Theefe.

*King.* I confesse I haue,  
But I repent and haue reclaim'd my selfe.

*Pri.* So will I do if you will giue me time.

*King.* Wilt thou? My Lords, will you be his sureties?

*Hun.* That when he robs againe, he shall be hang'd.

*Pri.* I aske no more.

*King.* And we will grant thee that,  
Liue and repent, and proue an honest man,  
Which when I heare, and safe returne from France,  
Ile giue thee liuing. Till when take thy Gold,  
But spend it better then at cards or wine,  
For better vertues fit that coare of thine.

*Pri.* *Vivat Rex, & currat lex.* My Liege, if ye haue cause  
of bartell, ye shall see sir Iohn bestir himselfe in your quar-  
rell.

*An alarum, enter King, Suffolke, Huntington, sir Iohn bringing  
forth Acton, Benerly, and Murly prisoners.*

*King*



26

*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

*king.* Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring minds  
Thought to haue triumpht in our ouerthrow:  
But now ye see, base villaines, what successe  
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.  
Sir Roger Acton, thou retainst the name  
Of Knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd  
Than ioyne with pezants, Gentry is diuine,  
But thou hast made it more then popular.

*Act.* Pardon my Lord, my conscience vrg'd me to it.

*kin.* Thy conscience? then conscience is corrupt,  
For in thy conscience thou art bound to vs,  
And in thy conscience thou shouldst loue thy countrey,  
Else what's the difference twixt a Christian,  
And the vnciuill manners of the Turke?

*Ben.* We meant no hurt vnto your Maiesty,  
But reformation of Religion.

*king.* Reforme Religion? was it that you sought?  
I pray who gaue you that authority?  
Belike then we do hold the Scepter vp,  
And sit within the Throne but for a Cipher.  
Time was, good subiects would make knowne their grief,  
And pray amendment, not enforce the same,  
Vnlesse their King were tyrant, which I hope  
You cannot iustly say that Harry is,  
What is that other?

*Suf.* A Malt-man my Lord,  
And dwelling in Dunstable as he sayes.

*kin.* Sirra, what made you leaue your barley broth,  
To come in armour thus against your King?

*Mur.* Fie paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out vpon occasion, what a world is this? Knight-hood (my Liege) twas knight-hood brought me hither, they told me I had wealth enough to make my wife a Lady.

*kin.* And so you brought those horses which we saw,  
Trapt all in costly furniture, and meant  
To weare these spurree when you were knighted once.

*The first part of*

*Mur.* In and out vpon occasion I did.

*kin.* In and out vppon occasion, therefore you shall bee hang'd, and in the sted of wearing these spurres vpon your heeles, about your necke they shall bewray your folly to the world.

*Pri.* In and out vpon occasion, that goes hard.

*Mur.* Fie pualtry, paltry, too and fro: good my Liege a pardon, I am sory for my fault.

*king.* That comes too late: but tell mee, went there none Beside sir Roger Acton, vpon whom You did depend to be your Gouvernor.

*Mur.* None my Lord, but sir Iohn Old-castle.

*Enter Byshop.*

*king.* Beares he a part in this conspiracy.

*Act.* We lookt my Lord that he would meete vs heere.

*king.* But did he promise you that he would come.

*Act.* Such Letters we receiued forth of Kent,

*Bish.* VVhere is my Lord the King? health to your grace  
Examining my Lord some of these rebels,  
It is a generall voice among them al,  
That they had neuer come into this place,  
But to haue met their valiant Generall  
The good Lord Cobham as they title him:  
Whereby my Lord, your Grace may now perceiue,  
His Treason is apparant, which before  
He sought to colour by his flattery.

*kin.* Now by my Royalty I would haue sworn,  
But for his conscience which I beare withall,  
There had not liu'd a more true hearted subiect.

*Bish.* It is but counterfet, my gracious Lords,  
And therefore may it please your Maiesty  
To set your hand vnto this precept heere,  
By which weel cause him forthwith to appeare,  
And answer this by order of the Law.

*kin.* Not onely that, but take Commission  
To search, attach, imprison, and condemne,

This



27  
*Sir John Old-castle.*

This most notorious traitor as you please.

*Bish.* It shalbe done my Lord, without delay:  
So now I hold Lord Cobham in my hand,  
That which shall finish thy disdained life.

*king.* I thinke the iron age begins but now,  
Which learned poets haue so often taught,  
Wherein there is no credit to be giuen  
To either words, or lookes, or solemne oaths:  
For if he were, how often hath he sworne,  
How gently tun'd the musicke of his tongue,  
And with what amiable face beheld he me,  
When all God knowes, was but hypocrisie

*Enter Cobham.*

*Cob.* Long life and prosperous reigne vnto my Lord.

*kin.* Ah villaine, canst thou with prosperity,  
Whose heart includeth nought but treachery?  
I do arrest thee heere my selfe, false knight,  
Of treason capitall against the state.

*Cob.* Of treason mighty Prince? your grace mistakes,  
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

*kin.* Thy necke shall feele it is in earnest shortly.  
Darest thou intrude into our presence, knowing  
How heinouusly thou hast offended vs?  
But this is thy accustomed deceit.  
Now thou perceiust thy purpose is in vaine,  
With some excuse or other thou wilt come  
To cleere thy selfe of this rebellion.

*Cob.* Rebellion good my Lord, I know of none.

*kin.* If you deny it, heere is euidence,  
See you these men; you neuer counselled,  
Nor offered them assistance in their warres.

*kin.* Speake sirs, not one but all, I craue no fauour,  
Haue euer I bene conuersant with you,  
Or written Letters to encourage you,  
Or kindled but the least or smallest part  
Of this your late vnnaturall rebellion?

*The first part of*

Speake, for I dare the vttermoſt you can.

*Mur.* In and out vpon occaſion I know you not.

*kin.* No, didſt thou not ſay, that ſir Iohn Old-caſtle,  
Was one with whom you purpoſed to haue met?

*Mur.* True I did ſay ſo, but in what reſpect,  
Be cauſe I heard it was reported ſo.

*king.* Was there no other argument but that?

*Act.* To cleere my conſcience ere I dye my Lord,  
I muſt confeſſe we haue no other ground  
But onely rumour to accuſe this Lord,  
Which now I ſee was meereſly fabulous.

*kin.* The more pernitiouſ you to taint him then,  
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

*Cob.* Let this my Lord, which I preſent your grace  
Speake for my loyalty, reade theſe Articles,  
And then giue ſentence of my life or death.

*kin.* Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray corrupted  
With bribes from Charles of France, either to win  
My Crowne from me, or ſecretly contriue  
My death by Treason? Iſt poſſible?

*Cob.* There is the platforme, and their hands, my Lord,  
Each ſeuerally ſubſcribed to the ſame.

*kin.* Oh neuer heard of baſe ingratitude!  
Euen thoſe I hug within my boſome moſt,  
Are readieſt euermore to ſting my heart,  
Pardon me Cobham, I haue done thee wrong,  
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.  
Is then their time of meeting ſo neere hand?  
Weele meete with them, but little for their eaſe,  
If God permit. Go take theſe Rebels hence,  
Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,  
Friend to thy King and Country, ſtill be free.

*Mur.* Be it more or leſſe, what a world is this?  
Would I had continued ſtill of the order of knaues,  
And nere ſought knight-hood, ſince it coſts  
So deere: ſir Roger I may thanke you for all.

*exunt*

*Acton*



28

*Sir Iohn Old-castle.*

*Adon.* Now 'tis too late to haue it remedied,  
I prethee Murley do not vrge me with it.

*Hnn.* VVill you away, and make no more to do ?

*Mur.* Fie paltry, paltry, too and fro, as occasion serues,  
If you be so hasty, take my place.

*Hnn.* No good sir knight, eene tak't your selfe.

*Mur.* I could be glad to giue my betters place. *Exeunt*

*Enter Bishop, Lord Warden, Cromer the Shreene, Lady Cobham  
and attendants.*

*Bish.* I tell ye Lady, it's not possible  
But you should know where he conueyes himselfe  
And you haue hid him in some secret place.

*La.* My Lord belecue me, as I haue a soule,  
I know not where my Lord my husband is.

*Bish.* Go too, go ye are an heretike,  
And will be forc'd by torture to confesse,  
If faire meanes will not serue to make you tell.

*La.* My husband is a noble Gentleman,  
And neede not hide himselfe for any fact  
That ere I heard of, therefore wrong him not.

*Bish.* Your husband is a dangerous schismatick,  
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,  
And therefore M. Cromer shreene of Kent,  
I charge you take her to your custodie,  
And scize the goods of Sir Iohn Old-castle  
To the Kings vse; let her go in no more,  
To fetch so much as her apparrell out,  
There is your warrant from his Maiestie.

*L. War.* Good my Lord Bishop pacifie your wrath  
Against the Ladie.

*Bish.* Then let her confesse  
VVhere Old-castle her husband is conceal'd.

*L. War.* I dare engage mine honor and my life,  
Poore Gentlewoman, she is ignorant  
And innocent of all his practises

If

*The first part of*

If any euill by him be practised.

*Bish.* If my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge you  
That all the Cinque-ports whereof you are cheefe,  
Be laid forthwith, that he escapes vs not.  
Shew him his highnesse warrant M. Sheriffe.

*L. War.* I am fory for the Noble Gentleman.

*Bish.* Peace, he comes heere, now do your office,

*Enter Harpoole and Oldcastle.*

*Cob.* Harpoole what businesse haue we here in hand?  
VVhat makes the byshop and the sheriffe here?  
If eare my comming home is dangerous,  
I would I had not made such haste to Cobham.

*Har.* Be of good cheere my Lord, if they bee foes weele  
scramble shrewdly with them: if they bee friends they are  
welcome.

*Croo.* Sir Iohn Old-castle Lord Cobham, in the Kinges  
name, I arrest ye of high treason.

*Cob.* Treason M. Croomes?

*Har.* Treason M. Sheriffe? what Treason?

*Cob.* Harpoole I charge thee stir not, but be quiet  
Do ye arrest me of Treason M. Sheriffe?

*Bish.* Yea, of high treason, traitor, heretike.

*Cob.* Defiance in his face that cals me so,  
I am as true a loyall Gentleman  
Vnto his highnesse, as my proudest enemy,  
The King shal witnesse my late faithfull service,  
For safety of his sacred Maiesty

*Bish.* What thou art, the kings hand shall testifie,  
Shew him Lord Warden.

*Cob.* Iesu defend me,

If possible your cunning could so temper  
The Princely disposition of his minde,  
To signe the damage of a royall subiect?  
VVell, the best is, it beares an antedate  
Procured by my absence and your malice.  
But I, since that, haue shewd my selfe as true,

As



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

As any Churchman that dare challenge me,  
Let me be brought before his Maicsty,  
If he acquit me not, then do your worst.

*Bish.* We are not bound to do kinde offices,  
For any traitor, schismaticke, nor heretike:  
The Kings hand is our warrant for our worke,  
Who is departed on his way for France,  
And at Southampton doth repose this night.

*Har.* O that thou and I were within twenty miles of it,  
on Salisbury plaine! I would lose my head if thou broughtst  
thy head hither againe. *aside.*

*Cob.* My Lord Warden o' th Cinque-ports, & Lorde of  
Rochester, ye are ioynt Commissioners, fauour me so much  
On my expence, to bring me to the king.

*Bish.* What to Southampton?

*Cob.* Thither my good Lord,  
And if he do not cleere me of all guilt,  
And all suspicion of conspiracy,  
Pawning his Princely warrant for my truth:  
I aske no fauour, but extreamest torture.  
Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord,  
Good my Lord Warden, M. Shrieue entreate.

*They both entreat for him.*

Come hither Lady, nay sweet wife, forbear  
To heape one sorrow on anothers necke:  
Tis greefe enough falsely to be accusd,  
And not permitted to acquit my selfe,  
Do not thou with thy kinde respectiue teares,  
Torment thy husbands heart that bleeds for thee:  
But be of comfort, God hath helpe in store  
For those that put assured trust in him.  
Deere wife, if they commit me to the Tower,  
Come vp to London to your sisters house:  
That being neere me, you may comfort me.  
One solace finde I settled in my soule,  
That I am free from Treasons very thought,

H

Onely

*The first part of*

Onely my conscience for the Gospels sake,  
Is cause of all the troubles I sustaine.

*La.* O my deere Lord, what shall betide of vs?  
you to the Tower, and I turn'd out of doores,  
Our substance seiz'd vnto his highnesse vse,  
Euen to the garments longing to our backes.

*Har.* Patience good Madam, things at worst will mend,  
And if they do not, yet our liues may end.

*Bish.* Vrge it no more, for if an Angel spake,  
I sweare by sweet S. Peters blessed keyes,  
First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.

*Crom.* But by your leaue, this warrant doth not stretch  
To imprison her.

*Bish.* No turne her out of doores,  
Euen as she is, and leade him to the Tower,  
With guard enough, for feare of rescuing.

*La.* O God requite thee thou blood-thirsty man.

*Cob.* May it not be my Lord of Rochester?  
Wherein haue I incurr'd your hate so farre,  
That my appeale vnto the King's denide

*Bish.* No hate of mine, but power of holy Church,  
Forbids all fauour to false heretikes.

*Cob.* Your priuate malice more then publike power,  
Strikes most at me, but with my life it ends.

*Har. aside.* O that I had the Bishop in that feare  
That once I had his Sumner by our selues.

*Cro.* My Lord, yet grant one suite vnto vs all,  
That this same ancient seruingman may waite  
Vpon my Lord his master in the Tower.

*Bish.* This old iniquity, this heretike?  
That in contempt of our Church discipline,  
Compeld my Sumner to deuoure his processe?  
Old ruffian past-grace, vpstart schismaticke,  
Had not the king pray'd vs to pardon ye,  
Ye had fryed for't ye grizled heretike.

*Har.* Sblood my Lord by shop ye wrong me, I am neither  
he.



30

*Sir John Old-Castle.*

heretike nor puritane, but of the olde Church, Ile sweare,  
drinke Ale, kisse a wench, go to masse, eat fish all Lent, and  
fast Fridayes with cakes and wine, fruite & spicery, shriue  
me of my old sinnes afore Easter, and beginne newe before  
Whitsontide.

*Cro.* A merry mad conceited knaue my Lord.

*Har.* That knaue was simply put vpon the byshop.

*Bish.* Well, God forgiue him, and I pardon him:

Let him attend his master in the Tower,

For I in charity with his soule no hurt.

*Cob.* God blesse my soule from such cold charity,

*Bish.* To'th Iower with him, and when my leisure serues  
I will examine him of Articles;

Looke my Lord Warden as you haue in charge

The Shrieue performe his office.

*War.* I my Lord.:

*Enter Sumner with bookes.*

*Bish.* What bringst thou there? what, bookes of heresie?

*Sum.* yea my Lord, here's not a Latine booke,

No not so much as our Ladies Psalter:

Here's the Bible, the Testament, the Psalmes in meeter,

The sickmans salve, the Treasure of Gladnesse,

All English, no not so much but the Almanacke's English,

*Bish.* Away with them, to'th fire with them Clun,

Now fie vpon these vpstart heretikes,

All English, burne them, burne them quickly Clun.

*Harpoo.* But do not Sumner as you'l answer it, for I haue  
there English bookes my Lord, that Ile not part withal for  
your byshoppricke, Beuis of Hampton, Owleglasse, the fri-  
er and the boy, Ellen of Rumming, Robin-hood, and other  
such godly stories, which if ye burne, by this flesh ile ma' e  
ye drinke their ashes in S. Margets ale. *Exit*

*Enter the Bishop of Rochester, with his men in  
Livery Coates.*

*1. Ser.* Is it your honors pleasure we shall stay,  
Or come backe in the afternoone to fetch you.

H 2

*Bish*

*The first part of*

*Bish.* Now ye haue brought me heere into the Tower,  
You may go backe vnto the Porters lodge,  
Where if I haue occasion to employ you,  
Ile send some officer to call you to me.  
Into the City go not, I command you,  
Perhaps I may haue present neede to vse you.

2. We will attend your honor heere without.

3. Come, wee may haue a quart of wine at the Rose at  
Barking, and come backe an houre before he'l go.

1. We must hie vs then.

3. Let's away.

*Exit*

*Bish.* Ho, M. Lieutenant.

*Lieu.* Who calls there?

*Bish.* A friend of yours.

*Lieu.* My Lord of Rochester? your honors welcome.

*Bish.* Sir, here's my warrant from the counsell,  
For conference with sir Iohn Old-castle,  
Vpon some matter of great consequence.

*Lieu.* Ho, sir Iohn.

*Har.* Who calls there?

*Lieu.* Harpoole, tell sir Iohn, that my Lord of Rochester  
Comes from the counsell to confer with him.

*Lieu.* I thinke you may as safe without suspition,  
As any man in England as I heare,  
For it was you most labour'd his commitment.

*Bish.* I did sir, and nothing repent it I assure you.

*Enter sir Iohn Oldcastle.*

M. Lieutenant I pray you giue vs leaue,  
I must confer heere with sir Iohn a little.

*Lieu.* With all my heart my Lord.

*Har. aside.* My Lord be rul'd by me, take this occasion  
while it is offered, and on my life your Lordship wil escape

*Cob.* No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it.

*Bish.* Sir Iohn, I am come to you from the Lordes of the  
Counsell, to know if you do recant your errors.

*Cob.* My Lord of Rochester on good aduice



*Sir John Old-castle.*

I see my error; but yet vnderstand me,  
I meane not error in the faith I holde,  
But error in su' mitting to your pleasure,  
Therefore your Lordship without more to do,  
Must be a meanes to helpe me to escape.

*Bish.* What meanes thou heretike?

Darst thou but lift thy hand against my calling?

*Cob.* No not to hurt you for a thousand pound.

*Har.* Nothing but to borrow your vpper garments a little, not a word more, peace for waking the children; there, put them on, dispatch my Lord, the window that goes out into the Leads is sure enough: and as for you, Ile bind you surely in the inner roome.

*Cob.* This is well begun, God send vs happy speed,  
Hard shift you see men make in time of neede.

*Enter seruingmen againe.*

1 I maruell that my Lord should stay so long.

2 He hath sent to seeke vs, I dare lay my life.

3 We come in good time, see where he is comming.

*Har.* I beseech you good my Lord of Rochester, bee favourable to my Lord and master.

*Cob.* The inner roomes be verie hot and close,  
I do not like this aire heere in the Tower.

*Har.* His case is hard my Lord: you shall safely get out of the Tower, but I will downe vpon them, in which time get you away. Hard vnder Islington waite you my comming, I will bring my Lady readie with horses to get hence.

*Cob.* Fellow, go backe againe vnto thy Lord, and counsel him.

*Har.* Nay my good Lord of Rochester, Ile bring you to S. Albons through the woods I warrant you.

*Cob.* Villaine away.

*Har.* Nay since I am past the Towers libertie,  
You part not so.

*He draves.*

*Bish.* Clubs, clubs, clubs.

1 Murther, murther, murther.

H 3

2 Downe

*The first part of*

2 Downe with him.

*Har.* Out you cowardly rogues.

*Cobb. escapes*

*Enter Lieutenant, and his men*

*Lieu.* Who is so bold as dare to draw a sword  
So neere vnto the entrance of the Tower.

1. This ruffian, seruant to sir Iohn Old-castle, was like to  
haue slaine my Lord.

*Lieu.* Lay hold on him.

*Har.* Stand off if you loue your puddings.

*Rochester calls within.*

Helpe, helpe, helpe, M. Lieutenant helpe.

*Lieu.* Whose that within? som treason in the Tower on  
my life, looke in, whose that which calls?

*Enter Rochester bound.*

*Lieu.* Without your cloake my Lord of Rochester?

*Har.* There now it workes, then let me speed,  
For now's the fittest time to scape away.

*Exit*

*Lieu.* Why do you looke so gasty and affrighted?

*Bish.* Oldcastle that traitor and his man,  
When you had left me to conferre with him,  
Tooke, bound, and stript me as you see,  
And left me lying in his inner chamber,  
And so departed, and I

*Lieu.* And you! Neere say that the Lord Cobhams man,  
Did here set on you like to murther you.

1. And so he did.

*Bish.* It was vpon his master then he did,  
That in the brawle the Traitor might escape.

*Lieu.* Where is this Harpoole?

2. Here he was euen now.

*Lieu.* Where can you tell? They are both escap'd.  
Since it so happens that he is escap'd,  
I am glad you are a witnesse of the same:  
It might haue else bene laide vnto my charge,  
That I had bene consenting to the fact.

*Bish.* Come, search shalbe made for him with expedition,  
the



*Sir John Old-castle.*

the hauens laid that hee shall not escape, and hue and crie continue through England, to finde this damned daungerous heretike.

*Exeunt.*  
*Enter Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, as in a Chamber, and sette downe at a Table, consulting about their treason: King Harry & Suffolke listning at the doore.*

*Cam.* In mine opinion, Scroope hath well aduise,  
Poyson will be the onely aptest meane,  
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

*Gray.* But yet there may be doubt in their deliuary,  
Harry is wise, therefore Earle of Cambridge,  
I iudge that way not so conuenient.

*Scr.* What thinke yee then of this? I am his bedfellowe,  
And vsuspected nightly sleepe with him.  
What if I venture in those silent houres,  
When sleepe hath sealed vp all mortall eyes  
To murder him in bed? how like ye that?

*Cam.* Herein consists no safety for your selfe,  
And you disclofd, what shall become of vs?  
But this day (as ye know) he will aboard,  
The winds so faire, and set away for France,  
If as he goes, or entering in the ship  
It might be done, then were it excellent.

*Gra.* Why any of these, or if you will,  
Ile cause a present sitting of the Councell,  
Wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,  
As needs must haue his royall company,  
And so dispatch him in his Councell chamber.

*Cam.* Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose;  
I wonder that Lord Cobham stayer so long,  
His counsell in this case would much auaille vs.

*The King steps in vpon them with his Lordes.*

*Scro.* What shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?

*Kin.* That were a shame indeede, no sit againe,  
And you shall haue my counsell in this case:  
If you can finde no way to kill the king,

Then

*The first part of*

Then you shall see how I can further ye,  
Scroopes way by poison was indifferent,  
But yet being bed-fellow to the King,  
And vnsuspected, sleeping in his bosome,  
In mine opinion that's the likelier way.  
For such false friends are able to do much,  
And silent night is Treason's fittest friend.  
Now, Cambridge in his setting hence for France,  
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard  
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,  
But somewhat doubtfull.  
Marrie Lord Gray came verie neere the point,  
To haue the King at Counsell, and there murder him,  
As Cesar was amongst his deereft friends.  
Tell me, oh tell me, you bright honors staines,  
For which of all my kindneses to you,  
Are ye become thus Traitors to your king?  
And France must haue the spoile of Harries life.

*All.* Oh pardon vs dread Lord.

*Kin.* How, pardon ye? that were a sin indeede,  
Drag them to death, which iustly they deserue:  
And France shall deere buy this villany,  
So soone as we set footing on her brest.  
God haue the praise for our deliuerance,  
And next our thanks Lord Cobham is to thee,  
True perfect mirror of Nobility.

*Exit.*

*Enter the host, L. Cobham, and Harpoole.*

*Host.* Sir, y'are welcome to this house, to such as is heere  
with all my heart: but I feare your lodging wilbe the worst.  
I haue but two beds, and they are both in a chamber, & the  
Carrier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and your  
wife must lye in the other.

*Cob.* Faith sir, for my selfe I do not greatly passe,  
My wife is weary, and would be at rest,  
For we haue trauell'd very farre to day,  
VVe must be content with such as you haue.

*Hoste.*



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

*Host.* But I cannot tell how to do with your man.

*Har.* What? hast thou neuer an empty room in thy house for mee?

*Host.* Not a bed introth. There came a poore Irish-man, and I lodg'd him in the barne, where he has faire straw, although he haue nothing else.

*Har.* Well mine hoste, I prethee helpe me to a payre of cleane sheets, and Ile go lodge with him.

*Host.* By the masse that thou shalt, a good paire of hempen sheets were nere layen in: Come. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Constable, Maior, and Watch.*

*Mai.* What? haue you searcht the Towne?

*Con.* All the towne sir, we haue not left a house vnsearcht that vses to lodge.

*Mai.* Surely my Lord of Rochester was then deceiu'd,  
Or ill inform'd of sir Iohn Old-castle,  
Or if he came this way, he's past the Towne,  
He could not else haue scap'd you in the serch.

*Con.* The priuy watch hath bene abroad all night,  
And not a stranger lodgeth in the Towne  
But he is knowne; onely a lusty Priest  
We found in bed with a pretty wench,  
That sayes she is his wife, yonder at the sheeres:  
But we haue charg'd the hoste with his forth comming  
To morrow morning.

*Mai.* What thinke you best to do?

*Con.* Faith M. maior, here's a few stragling houses beyond the bridge, and a little Inne where Carriers vse to lodge, although I thinke surely he would nere lodge there: but weel go search, and the rather, because there came notice to the towne the last night of an Irish man, that had done a murder whom we are to make search for.

*Mai.* Come I pray you, and be circumspect. *exeunt*

*Con.* First beset the house, before you begin the search.

*Offi.* Content, euery man take a seuerall place.

*A noise within.*

I.

Keep,

*The first part of*

Keepe, keepe, strike him downe there, downe with him.

*Enter Constable with the Irishman in Harp. apparrell.*

Con. Come you villanous hereticke, tell vs where your master is.

*Irish.* Vat mester?

*Mai.* Vat mester, you counterfet rebell? This shall not serue your turne.

*Irish.* Be sent Patricke I ha no mester.

Con. Where's the Lord Cobham sir Iohn Oldcastle, that lately escaped out of the Tower.

*Irish.* Vat Lort Cobham?

*Mai.* You counterfet this shall not serue you, wee'l torture you wee'l make you to confesse where that arch-heretike is. Come bind him fast.

*Irish.* Ahone, ahone, ahone. a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty rascall?

*Exeunt.*

*L. Cobham comes out stealing in his gowne.*

Cob. Harpoole, Harpoole, I heare a maruellous noise about the house, God warrant vs, I feare wee are pursued: what Harpoole?

*Har. within.* Who cals there?

Cob. Tis I, dost thou not heare a noise about the house?

*Har.* yes marry do I, zounds I cannot finde my hose, this Irish rascall that lodg'd with mee all night, hath stollen my apparrell, and has left me nothing but a lowlie mantle, and a paire of broags. Get vp, get vp, and if the Carrier and his wench be asleepe, change you with them as hee hath done with me, and see if we can scape.

*Noise heard about the house a prety while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpoole in the Irishmans apparrell.*

Con. Stand close, heere comes the Irishman that did the murther, by all tokens this is he.

*Mai.* And perceiuing the house beset, would get away: stand firra.

*Har.* What art thou that bidst me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an Irish man,



*Sir Iohn Old-Castle.*

man, such a villaine as thy selfe, that hast' murther 'd a man  
this last night by the highway.

*Harp.* Sblood Constable art thou madde? am I an Irish-  
man?

*Mai.* Sirra, weele finde you an Irishman before we part :  
Lay hold vpon him.

*Con.* Make him fast, O thou bloody rogue!

*Enter Lord Cobham and his Lady, in the Carrier  
and wenches apparrell.*

*Cob.* What will these Ostlers sleepe all day?  
Good morrow, good morrow, come wench come,  
Saddle, saddle, now afore God too farre-dayes, ha?

*Con.* Who goes there?

*Mai.* O tis Lancashire carrier, let him passe,

*Cob.* What, will no body ope the gates heere?  
Come, lets in t'stable to looke to our Capons.

*The Carrier calling.*

Hoste, why Ostler?

Zwookes, heere such a bonimation company of boyes :  
A pox of this pigstie at the house end,  
It fils all the house full of fleas, Ostler, Ostler.

*Ost.* Who cals there? what would you haue?

*Club.* Zwookes, do you rob your guests?  
Do you lodge rogues, and flaues, and scoundrels, ha?  
They ha stolne our clothes heere : why Ostler?

*Ost.* A murren choke you, what a bauling you keepe.

*Hast.* How now? what would the Carrier haue?  
Looke vp there.

*Ostler.* They say that the man and the woman that lay by  
them, haue stolne their clothes.

*Hast.* What, are the strange folkes vp yet that came in ye-  
ster night?

*Con.* What mine host, vp so early?

*Hast.* What M. Maior, and M. Constable?

*Mai.* We are come to seeke for some suspected persons,  
and such as heere we found haue apprehended.

*The first part of*

*Enter Carrier and Kate in Cobham and Ladies apparrell.*

*Con.* Who comes heere?

*Club.* Who comes here? A plague found ome, you baule quoth a, ods hat Ile foreweare your house: you lodg'de a fellow and his wife by vs, that ha run away with our parrell and left vs such gew-gawes here, come Kate, come to mee, thowse dizeard yfaith.

*Maioi.* Mine hoste, know you this man?

*Host.* Yes master Maioi, Ile giue my word for him, why neighbour Club, how comes this geare about?

*Kate.* Now a foule on't, I cannot make this gew-gawe stand on my head.

*Con.* How came this man and woman thus attyred?

*Host.* Here came a man and woman hither this last night, which I did take for substantiall people, and lodg'de all in one chamber by these folkes: methinkes haue bin so bolde to change apparel, & gone away this morning ere they rose

*Mai.* That was that traitor Oldcastle that thus escapt vs: make hue and cry yet after him, keepe fast that traiterous rebell his seruant there: farewell mine hoste.

*Car.* Come Kate Owdham, thou and Ile trimly dizard.

*Kate.* Ifaith neame Club, Ile wor nere what to do, Ile be so flowted and so showted at: but by'th messe Ile cry. *Exit*

*Enter Priest and Doll.*

*Pri.* Come Dol, come, be merry wench.

Farewell Kent, we are not for thee.

Be lusty my Lasse, come for Lancashire,

We must nip the Bounge for these Crownes.

*Doll.* Why is all the gold spent already that you had the other day.

*Pri.* Gone Doll, gone; flowne, spent, vanished, the Diuell, drinke, and dice, has deuoured all.

*Dol.* You might haue left mee in Kent till you had beene better provided.

*Pri.* No Dol, no, Kent's too hot Doll, Kent's too hot: the weather-cocke of Wrotham will crow no longer, we haue pluckt



*Sir Iohn Old-castle.*

pluckt him, he has lost his feathers, I haue prun'd him bare  
left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted wench.

*Doll.* I might haue gone to seruice againe, old M. Harpole  
told me he would provide me a mistress.

*Pri.* Peace Doll, peace; come madiwench, Ile make thee  
an honest woman, weel into Lancashire to our friends, the  
troth is, Ile marry thee, we want but a little money, & mo-  
ney we will haue I warrant thee: stay, who comes here? some  
Irish villaine me thinkes that has slaine a man, and nowe is  
rifling on him, stand close Dol, wee'l see the end.

*Enter the Irishman with his dead master; and rifles him.*

*Irish.* Alas poe master sir Rishard Lee, be S. Patricke is rob  
and cut thy trote, for de shaine, and dy mony, and dy golde  
ring, be me truly is loue dee well, but now dow be kill dee,  
be shitten kanaue.

*Pri.* Stand firra, what art thou?

*Irish.* Be S. Patricke mester is poore Irisman, is a leuster.

*Pri.* Sirra, sirra, y'are a damn'd rogue, you haue kild a man  
heere, and rifled him of all that hee has: sblood you Rogue  
deliuer, or Ile not leaue you so much as a haire aboute your  
shoulders, you whorson Irish dog, *robs him*

*Irish.* We's me S. Patricke, Ise kill my mester for shain and  
his ring, and nows be rob of all, me's vndo.

*Pri.* Auant you Rascal, go firra be walking: come Dol the  
diuel laughs when one theefe robs another: come wench,  
weel to S. Albons and reuel in our bower, my braue girle.

*Dol.* O thou art old sir Iohn when al's done ifaith.

*Enter the host of the house with the Irishman.*

*Irish.* Be me tro mester is poore Irisman, is want ludging,  
is haue no mony, is starue and colde, good mester giue her  
some meate, is famise and tye.

*Host.* Faith fellow I haue no lodging, but what I keepe  
for my guesse: as for meate thou shalt haue as much as ther  
is, and if thou wilt lie in the barne, there's faire strawe, and  
roome enough.

*Irish.* Is tanke my mester hertily.

*The first part of*

*Host.* Ho Robin.

*Rob.* Who calls?

*Host.* Shew this poore Irishman to the barne, 'goe sirrha.

*Enter Carrier and Kate.*

*Club.* Who's within heere? who lookes to the horses?  
Vds hat here's fine worke, the hens in the maunger, and the  
hogges in the litter, a bots found you all, here's a house wel  
lookt too yvaith.

*Kate.* Mas goffe Club, lse very cawd.

*Club.* Get in Kate, get in to fire and warine thee.  
Iohn Ostler?

*Host.* What gaffer Club, welcome to Saint Albons,  
How do's all our friends in Lancashire?

*Club.* Well God a mercy Iohn, how do's Tom? where is  
he?

*Ost.* Tom's gone from hence, he's at the three horslouses  
at stony-Stratford: how does old Dicke Dun?

*Club.* Vds hat old Dun has bin moyr'd in a slough in Brick  
hil-lane: a plague found it, yonders such abomination wea-  
ther as was neuer seene.

*Ost.* Vds hat Theefe, haue one halfe pecke of pease and  
oates more for that, as I am Iohn Ostler, he has bin euer as  
good a iade as euer traueled.

*Club.* Faith well saide old Iacke, thou art the old lad still.

*Ost.* Come gaffer Club, vnload, vnload, & get to supper.

*Enter Cobham and his Lady disguised.*

*Cob.* Come Madam, happily escapt, heere let vs sit,  
This place is farre remote from any path,  
And heere awhile our weary limbes may rest,  
To take refreshing, free from the pursute  
Of enuious Rochester.

(minde?)

*La.* But where my Lord, shal we find rest for our disquiet  
There dwell vntamed thoughts that hardly stoope,  
To such abasement of disdained ragges:  
We were not wont to trauell thus by night,  
Especially on foote.

*Cobha.*



*Sir John Old-castle.*

*Cob.* No matter loue, extremities admit no better choise :  
And were it not for thee, say froward time  
Imposd a greater taske, I would esteeme it  
As lightly as the winde that blowes vpon vs,  
But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt,  
Thou wast not wont to haue the earth thy stoole,  
Nor the moyst dewy grasse thy pillow, nor  
Thy chamber to be the wide horizon.

*La.* How can it seeme a trouble, hauing you  
A partner with me, in the worst I feele?  
No gentle Lord, your presence would giue ease  
To death it selfe, should he now seize vpon me:

*Heres bread and cheefe, and a bottle.*

Behold what my fore-sight hath vndertane  
For feare we faint, they are but homely cates,  
Yet sawc'd with hunger, they may seeme as sweet  
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

*Cob.* Praise be to him, whose plenty sends both this  
And all things else our mortall bodies neede :  
Nor scorne we this poore feeding, nor the state  
VVe now are in, for what is it on earth,  
Nay vnder heauen, continues at a stay ?  
Ebbes not the sea when it hath ouerflowne ?  
Followes not darknesse when the day is gone ?  
And see we not sometime the eye of heauen  
Dim'd with ore-flying clouds? There's not that work  
Of carefull Nature, or of cunning Art,  
(How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)  
But fals in time to ruine : heere gentle Madame,  
In this one draught I wash my sorrow downe. *drinks.*

*La.* And I encourag'd with your cheerefull speech,  
Will do the like.

*Cob.* Pray God poore Harpoole come,  
If he should fall into the Bishops handes,  
Or not remember where we had him meete vs,  
It were the thing of all things else, that now

Could.

*The first part of*

Could breed reuolt in this new peace of minde.

*La.* Feare not my Lord, he's witty to deuise,  
And strong to execute a present shift.

*Cob.* That power be still his guide hath guided vs.  
My drowfie eyes waxe heavy; early rising,  
Together with the trauell we haue had,  
Makes me that I could gladly take a nap,  
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

*La.* Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleepe,  
Ile watch that no misfortune happen vs.

*Cob.* I shall deere wife be too much trouble to thee.

*La.* Vrge not that,  
My duty binds me, and your loue commands.  
I would I had the skill with tuned voice  
To draw on sleepe with some sweet melody,  
But imperfection and vnaptnesse too  
Are both repugnant: feare inserts the one,  
The other nature hath denied me vse.  
But what talke I of meanes, to purchase that  
Is freely happen'd? Sleepe with gentle hand,  
Hath shut his eye-lids: Oh victorious labour,  
How soone thy power can charme the bodies sense?  
And now thou likewise climbst vnto my braine,  
Making my heauy temples stoope to thee,  
Great God of heauen from danger keepe vs free. *Fal asleep.*

*Enter sir Richard Lee and his men.*

*Lee.* A murther closely done, and in my ground?  
Search carefully, if any where it were,  
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.

*Ser.* Sir I haue found the body stiffe with cold  
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.

*Lee.* Looke if thou knowst him, turne his body vp:  
Alack it is my sonne, my sonne and heire,  
Whom two yeeres since I sent to Ireland,  
To practise there the discipline of warre,  
And comming home, for so he wrote to me,

Some



*Sir John Old-Castle.*

Some sauage heart, some bloody diuelli sh hand,  
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coine,  
Hath here sluc'd out his blood. Vnhappy houre,  
Accursed place, but most inconstant fate,  
That hadst reseru'd him from the bullets fire,  
And suffered him to scape the wood-kernes fury,  
Didst heere ordaine the treasure of his life,  
Euen heere within the armes of tender peace,  
To be consum'd by treasons wastefull hand?  
And which is most afflicting to my soule,  
That this his death and murther should be wrought  
VWithout the knowledge by whose meanes twas done.

2-*Ser.* Not so sir, I haue found the authors of it,  
See where they sit, and in their bloody fists  
The fatall instruments of death and sinne.

*Lee.* Iust iudgement of that power, whose gracious eye,  
Loathing the sight of such a heinous fact,  
Dazled their senses with benumming sleepe,  
Till their vnhalloved treachery was knowne,  
Awake ye monsters, murtherers awake,  
Tremble for horror, blush you cannot choose,  
Beholding this inhumane deede of yours.

*Cob.* What meane you sir to trouble weary soules,  
And interrupt vs of our quiet sleepe?

*Lee.* Oh diuellish! can you boast vnto your selues  
Of quiet sleepe, hauing within your hearts  
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries  
Deafes the lowd thunder, and sollicites heaven  
With more than Mandrakes shreekes for your offence?

*La.* VWhat murther? you vpbraid vs wrongfully.

*Lee.* Can you deny the fact? See you not heere,  
The body of my sonne by you misdone?  
Looke on his wounds, looke on his purple hew:  
Do we not finde you where the deede was done?  
VWere not your kniues fast closed in your hands?  
Is not this cloth an argument beside,

K

Thus

*The first part of*

Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent blood?  
These speaking characters were there nothing else  
To plead against ye, would conuict you both.  
To Hartford with them, where the Sifes now are kept,  
Their liues shall answer for my sonnes lost life.

*Cob.* As we are innocent, so may we speede.

*Lee.* As I am wrong'd, so may the Law proceed.

*Enter Rochester, Constable of S. Albons, with Priest, Doll, and  
the Irishman in Harpooles apparrell.*

*Bish.* What intricate confusion haue we heere?  
Not two houres since, we apprehended one  
In habit Irish, but in speech not so;  
And now you bring another, that in speech is Irish,  
But in habit, English: yea, and more than so,  
The seruant of that hereticke Lord Cobham.

*Irish.* Fait be me no seruant of de Lort Cobham,  
Me be Mack Chane of Vlster.

*Bish.* Otherwise cal'd Harpoole of Kent, go too fir,  
You cannot blinde vs with your broken Irish.

*Pri.* Trust me Lord Bishop, whether Irish or English,  
Harpoole, or not Harpoole, that I leaue to the triall:  
But sure I am, this man by face and speech,  
Is he that muredred yong sir Richard Lee:  
I met him presently vpon the fact,  
And that he slew his master for that gold,  
Those Iewels, and that chaine I tooke from him.

*Bish.* Well, our faires do call vs backe to London,  
So that we cannot prosecute the cause  
As we desire to do, therefore we leaue  
The charge with you, to see they be conuey'd  
To Hartford Sise: both this counterfet,  
And you sir Iohn of Wrotham, and your wench,  
For you are culpable as well as they,  
Though not for murther, yet for felony.  
But since you are the meanes to bring to light  
This gracelesse murther, we shall beare with you

Our



*Sir John Old-Castle.*

Oür Letters to the Iudges of the bench,  
To be your friends in what they lawfull may.

*Pri.* I thanke your Lordship.

*Enter Gaoler bringing forth Old-castle.*

*Gao.* Bring foorth the prisoners, see the Court prepar'd,  
The Iustices are comming to the bench:  
So, let him stand away, and fetch the rest.

*Exeunt.*

*Cob.* Oh giue me patience to endure this scourge,  
Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous streame,  
And though contempt, false witnesse, and reproch  
Hang on these iron gyues, to presse my life  
As low as earth, yet strengthen me with faith,  
That I may mount in spirit aboue the cloudes.

*Enter Gaoler, bringing in La. Cobham & Harpole.*

Here come's my Lady, sorrow tis for her.  
Thy wound is greuous, else I scoffe at thee.  
What and poore *Harpoole*! art thou ith bryars too?

*Har.* I faith my Lord, I am in. get out how I can.

*La.* Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,  
And may conferre, shall we confesse in breesc,  
Of whence, and what we are, and so preuent  
The accusation is commenc'd against vs?

*Cob.* What will that helpe vs? Being knowne sweet loue,  
We shall for heresie be put to death,  
For so they terme the Religion we professe.  
No, if we dye let this our comfort bee,  
That of the guilt imposd our soules are free.

*Har.* I, I my Lord, *Harpoole* is so resolu'd,  
I wreake of death the lesse in that I dye  
Not by the sentence of that enuious Priest.

*La.* Well be it then according as heauen please.

*Enter L. Iudge, Iustices, Maior of S. Albons, Lord Powis & his  
Lady, old fir Richard Lee: the Iudge & Iustices take their places.*

*Ind.* Now M. Maior, what Gentleman is that  
You bring with you before vs to the bench?

*Mai.* The Lord Powis if it like your honour,

*The first part of*

And this his Lady traueilling toward VVales,  
VVho for they lodg'd last night within my house,  
And my Lord Byshop did lay waite for such,  
VVere very willing to come on with me,  
Lest for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong.

*Jud.* We cry your honor mercy good my Lord,  
Wilt please you take your place. Madam, your Ladyship,  
May heere or where you will repose your selfe  
Vntill this businesse now in hand be past.

*La. Po.* I will withdraw into some other roome,  
So that your Lordship and the rest be pleasde.

*Jud.* With all our hearts : attend the Lady there.

*Pow.* Wife, I haue ey'd yon prisoners all this while.  
And my conceite doth tell me, tis our friend  
The noble Cobham, and his vertuous Lady.

*La. Po.* I think no lesse, are they suspected for this murder?

*Po.* What it meanes.

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon:  
Meane time as you passe by them, aske the question,  
But do it secretly you be not seene,  
And make some signe that I may know your minde.

*As she passeth ouer the stage by them.*

*La. po.* My Lord Cobham? Madam?

*Cob.* No Cobham now, nor Madam as you loue vs,  
But Iohn of Lancashire, and Ione his wife.

*La. Po.* Oh tell, what is it that our loue can do,  
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you.

*Cob.* Nothing but this, that you conceale our names,  
So gentle Lady passe for being spyed.

*La. Po.* My heart I leaue, to beare part of your griefe. *exit.*

*Judg.* Call the prisoners to the barre: sir Richard Lee,  
What euidence can you bring against these people,  
To proue them guilty of the murder done?

*Lee.* This bloody Towell, and these naked kniues,  
Beside we found them sitting by the place,  
Where the dead body lay within a bush.

*Judg.*



*Sir John Old-castle.*

*Ind.* What answer you why Law should not proceede,  
According to this evidence giuen in,  
To taxe ye with the penalty of death?

*Cob.* That we are free from murders very thought,  
And know not how the Gentleman was slaine.

1. *Inst.* How came this linnen cloath so bloody then?

*L. Cob.* My husband hot with traueilling my Lord,  
His nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it.

2. *Inst.* But how came your sharp edgd knives vnscathed

*L. Cob.* To cut such simple victuall as we had.

*Ind.* Say we admit this answer to those articles,  
What made you in so priuate a darke nooke,  
So faire remote from any common path

As was the thicke where the dead corpes was throwne?

*Cob.* Iournying my Lord from London from the Terme,  
Downe into Lancashire where wee do dwell:

And what with age and trauell being faint,  
We gladly sought a place where we might rest  
Free from resort of other passengers,  
And so we strayed into that secret corner.

*Ind.* These are but ambages to driue off time,  
And linger iustice from her purposed end.  
But who are these?

*Enter Constable with the Irishman, Priest, and Doll.*

*Con.* Stay iudgement, and release those innocents,  
For here is he whose hand hath done the deed  
For which they stand endired at the barre:  
This sauage villaine, this rude Irish slaue,  
His tongue already hath confest the fact,  
And heere is witnesse to confirme as much.

*Pri.* Yes my good Lord, no sooner had he slaine  
His louing master for the wealth he had,  
But I vpon the instant met with him:  
And what he purchas'd with the losse of blood,  
With strokes I presently bereau'd him of,

*The first part of*

Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining,  
I willingly surrender to the hands  
Of old Sir Richard Lee, as being his,  
Beside my Lord Iudge, I greet your honor  
With Letters from my Lord of Rochester. *Delivers them*

*Lee.* Is this the wolfe whose thirstie throate did drinke  
My deere sonnes blood? Art thou the snake  
He cherisht, yet with enuious piercing sting  
Assaildst him mortally? Wer't not that the Law  
Stands ready to reuenge thy cruelty,  
Traitor to God, thy Master, and to me,  
These hands should be thy executioner.

*Ind.* Patience sir Richard Lee, you shall haue iustice.  
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,  
And being hang'd vntill the wretch be dead,  
His body after shall be hang'd in chaines,  
Neere to the place where he did act the murder.

*Irish.* Prethee Lord shudge let me haue mine own clothes  
my strouces there, and let me bee hangd in a wyth after my  
country the Irish fashion. *exit*

*Ind.* Go too, away with him. And now sir Iohn,  
Although by you this murder came to light:  
Yet vpright law will not hold you excusde,  
For you did rob the Irishman, by which  
You stand attainted heere of felony:  
Beside, you haue bin lewd, and many yeares  
Led a lasciuious vnbeseeeming life.

*Pri.* O but my Lord, sir Iohn repents, and he will mend.

*Ind.* In hope thereof, together with the fauour  
My Lord of Rochester intreats for you,  
We are content you shall be proued.

*Pri.* I thanke your good Lordship.

*Ind.* These other falsly heere accusd, and brought  
In perill wrongfully, we in like sort do set at liberty.

*Lee.* And for amends,  
Touching the wrong vnwittingly I haue done,



*Sir Iohn Old-castle.*

I giue these few Crownes.

*Ind.* Your kindnesse merits praise sir Richard Lee,  
So let vs hence. *Exeunt all but L. Powis and Cobham.*

*Powis.* But Powis still must stay,  
There yet remaines a part of that true loue  
He owes his noble friend vnsatisfied  
And vnperform'd, which first of all doth binde me  
To gratulate your Lordships safe deliuary:  
And then intreate, that since vnlookt for thus  
We heere are met, your honour would vouchsafe  
To ride with me to Wales, where though my power,  
(Though not to quittance those great benefits  
I haue receiu'd of you) yet both my house,  
My purse, my seruants, and what else I haue  
Are all at your command. Deny me not,  
I know the Byshops hate pursues ye so,  
As there's no safery in abiding heere.

*Cob.* Tis true my Lord, and God forgiue him for it.

*Pow.* Then let vs hence, you shall be straight provided  
Of lusty geldings: and once entred Wales,  
Well may the Byshop hunt, but spight his face,  
He neuer more shall haue the game in chace. *Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*